McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905. NO. 25

ELDRED DEFEATED BY CHAMPIONS

Ringsters Played Rings Around the Angels Thursday.

SMETHPORT EIGHT; ELDRED ONE.

Fuller Pitched in Great Form—Only Two Angels Made Hits—The Week in Base Ball.

M'KEAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W.	L.	P. C.
Derrick City	4	1	.800
Smethport	3	2	.600
Eldred	3	3	.500
Mt. Jewett	1	5	.167

GAMES THIS MONTH.

June 23—Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
" 27—Derrick City at Eldred.
" 28—Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
" 30—Mt. Jewett at Derrick City.

The Eldred Angels made their first appearance at Kane Field Thursday and went down to defeat at the hands of the Champions.

Will Fuller was on the rubber for Smethport and was in great form. But two Eldred men could solve his delivery for safe hits and the sum total of their efforts was five singles. The big twirler fielded his position in great shape and was certainly the goods with the stick. He contributed a run, two two-baggers and a single, one put out and five assists to the summary. In fact the Eldred men had a noticeable attack of heart failure as soon as they found they were lined up against the Big Pitch.

Tull had a big day at short and accepted nine chances without an error. Havens and W. Llewelyn did the stick work for Eldred and the latter played a great fielding game.

In the first inning after McCabe was out Tull walked to first and scored the first run of the game on an error and Keefer's two-bagger.

Estry, first man up in the second, was retired on a long fly to T. Llewelyn. Fuller hit for two bases and Bell drew a base on balls. Knapp's attempted sacrifice blossomed into a single and the bases were full. Fuller was caught at the plate on McCabe's grounder and Tull made a single, scoring Bell. Keefer put up a fly which Havens nabbed, closing the inning.

Havens scored Eldred's lone run in the fifth inning. After making a single he was sacrificed along by Sweeney and took third on a passed ball. A. Llewelyn then knocked a fly to right field which Knapp captured after a long run and Havens scored on the throw in.

Keefer made one in the fifth on a base on balls, a steal and two sacrifice hits. Another was added in the sixth. Fuller and Bell drew wide ones and advanced a base each on Knapp's sacrifice. Fuller was again nipped at the plate on the quick handling of an infield grounder from McCabe's bat. Tull made a hit which scored Bell, but McCabe was out at home, A. Llewelyn to Slack.

Keefer took first on balls as a curtain raiser for the seventh, but was retired at second after W. Llewelyn had caught Kopp's fly. Croissant reached first on error by Peters and second on one by Havens. Rasey made a mess of Estry's grounder and after Quite had stolen second along came Fuller with another two bagger and two runs resulted. Bell reached first on Havens' fumble of his grounder and Fuller scored. McClure closed this eventful inning by striking out. Kopp had one coming and made it in the ninth on a base on balls, steal, Croissant's sacrifice and Fuller's single.

Keefer placed one in the creek for three bases in the eighth after two were out, but was caught off third by Slack's quick throw to Rasey.

Sweeney, the Eldred captain, did not approve of some of Mr. Campbell's decisions and requested that the double umpire system be used. Consequently, John Nelson, a well known ball player of Bradford, was invited to participate which he did and gave excellent satisfaction.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3b	5	0	0	1	1	1
Tull, ss	4	1	2	3	1	0
Keefer, 1st	3	1	2	8	0	0
Kopp, 2d	2	1	0	0	1	0
Croissant, c	3	1	1	5	0	0
Estry, lf	5	1	0	0	0	0
Fuller, p	4	1	3	1	5	0
Bell, cf	3	2	0	2	0	1
Knapp, rf	2	0	1	1	0	0
McClure, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	8	9	27	8	2

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
W. Llewelyn, ss	4	0	2	4	4	0
Slack, c	5	0	0	4	1	0
Peters, 1st	4	0	0	10	0	3
Rasey, 3d	4	0	0	1	3	1
Havens, 2d	4	1	3	2	2	2
Sweeney, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
A. Llewelyn, lf	4	0	0	1	1	1
T. Llewelyn, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Priestley, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	32	1	5	27	15	7

By innings:

Smethport	1	1	0	0	1	1	3	0	1
Eldred	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0

Stolen bases—McCabe, Keefer, Kopp, Croissant, Estry.
Sacrifice hits—Kopp, Croissant 2, Knapp.
Two base hits—Keefer, Fuller 2.
Three base hit—Keefer.
Base on balls—off Priestley 7.
Struck out—by Fuller 4; Priestley 1.
Double play—Kopp to Tull to Keefer.
Passed ball—Croissant.
Hit by pitcher—Slack.
Umpires—Campbell and Nelson.
Time of game—2 hours.

DERRICK CITY 7; MT. JEWETT 5.

The Mountaineers suffered defeat on their own grounds Saturday last, being beaten by the Pumpers, the score standing 7 to 5. Mt. Jewett is playing good ball but luck seems against them. Derrick City now has a good hold on first place in the league race, having won four out of five games played. Smethport was unable to fill a date at Derrick City Tuesday. It was impossible to get a team together for various reasons. The score by innings of Saturday's game follows:

										R	H	E
Derrick City	3	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	1	7	12	1
Mt. Jewett	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	1	5	10	4

Batteries—Knoeland and Walker; Lantz and Cleveland.
Umpires—Korner and McCarty.

SHAWMUTS 6; TURTLE POINT 12.

The Shawmut Cyclones were defeated by the Turtle Point Tornadoes the first of the week in a rattling game of baseball at Turtle Point. Young of Coryville was the twister for the Cyclones and Cooney blew them over for the Tornadoes. Hot air was the feature of the game, the weather having the highest average in that respect. Conductor Dan Sheehan's hit was the hardest one ever made on the grounds, according to Zeke McCabe. A pitched ball landed Dan a terrific blow in the "slats" and he was promptly called out for interference. The Cyclones report that the umpire was entirely unfit for publication. The score was 12 to 6.

ELDRED FORESTS GAME.

The Eldred baseball team was in town Tuesday night on their way home after a four innings contest at Mt. Jewett. In conversation with one of the players it was learned that the Eldred team left the field after what was considered a wrong decision of Umpire McCarty, and afterward forfeited the game to Mt. Jewett 9 to 0.

Hose Company Benefit.

The Elite Vaudeville Company will appear at the Lyceum Friday evening, June 30, for the benefit of the Smethport Hose Co. The Elite Vaudeville Co. is composed of Bradford talent, some of whom are professionals, and include Lewis Emery, 3rd, soloist; John Nelson, magician; Miss Ethel Devine, coon songs; Baby Beatrice Neipling, songs and dances; Barney Horrigan, Jewish monologuist; Miss Chapman, soloist; Mrs. DeGolier, pianist, and Mr. Everhan, dancer. The company has appeared in Bradford and other nearby towns and judging from the newspaper reports it is first class.

The performance will be given for the benefit of our local firemen, and this fact in itself should warrant a most liberal patronage. The tickets will be 25, 35 and 50c and reserved seats can be obtained at Wells' Drug Store on and after Monday, June 26. Members of the hose company are selling tickets and when you are asked to buy look pleasant and don't turn them down for you may be the next to need assistance from them and then the boys will help you. If you are not approached secure your ticket any way.

Warm Weather.

During the past week the country has experienced some very warm weather and the "Is it hot enough for you?" fiend has been abroad in the land.

While the warm spell was rather enjoyable in the country, districts deaths and prostrations from heat are reported from the crowded cities.

In Pittsburg Sunday six persons died from direct and indirect causes of hot weather and five others were prostrated. A total of seventeen deaths is reported from the same city Monday, with the information that all heat records for June are broken, the thermometer having reached an official showing of 92 degrees.

It has been nice and warm in Smethport with the thermometer hanging around the nineties and although causing some suffering to sick people no serious results have been reported.

Arrested for Fishing on Sunday.

Fish and Game Warden Farley Sunday last arrested William Nailon, near Kushequa, on a charge of fishing on Sunday. Nailon was taken before Justice O. S. Gahagan at Mt. Jewett and was found guilty as charged.

The justice imposed a fine of $25, and costs amounting to $8.75, on Nailon and as he could not or would not pay the amount he was brought to the county jail, where he will have to serve one day for each dollar of the fines and costs—in this case over a month's imprisonment.

This is probably the first arrest and conviction for Sunday fishing in the history of the county.

Fair Grounds Assured.

That fair grounds and a race track will be located near Smethport is now an assured fact. The MINER was informed this morning that $5,400 had been subscribed and that work on the location in the vicinity of East Smethport will be commenced as soon as proper arrangements can be made. Robt. W. Hilton deserves great credit for his labors to make this project a success.

Clothier-Brennan Nuptials.

A happy and brilliant wedding occurred at noon, Wednesday, June 21, 1905, when Miss Martha Brennan, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. W. Brennan of Mechanic street, was united in marriage to Mr. William Penn Clothier, Jr., of Buffalo, N. Y.

The bride is one of Smethport's fairest and highly cultured young ladies, who has been prominent in church, literary and social work to such a generous and successful extent as to make her services in almost constant demand. Of charming personality, the possessor of an unusually sweet disposition, she is especially commended by her friends on her accommodating and self-sacrificing nature. Among her many accomplishments her musical talent perhaps predominates and her vocal selections have many times been features of entertainments given for public benefit or "for sweet charity's sake."

The groom is an exemplary young man who has become well known to many Smethport people as the result of many visits to the town. He holds a responsible position as head bookkeeper in a department of the General Railroad Signal Co. of Buffalo, N. Y.

The marriage was performed in the pleasant parlor of the Brennan home which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with ferns, cut flowers and laurels. The bridal party, which was led by four little flower girls, Ruby and Marion Warren, Catherine Blowers and Caroline Brennan, entered the room to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Miss Verna Hafner. Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett, Matron of Honor, who wore a handsome gown of pale blue silk, followed the flower bearers. Mr. George Brennan, a brother, by whom the bride was given away, came next, followed by the bride, beautifully gowned in a creation of crethe crepe de chene and carrying a bouquet of bride roses.

The groom and best man, Mr. Albert Le Messurier of Buffalo entered the room from a side door, and the party met before a lovely bank of ferns and daisies where the Rev. Dr. John Lusher, pastor of the Mt. Jewett M. E. church, pronounced the impressive words which united the happy young people for life.

The bridal party and guests (about fifty in number) then repaired to the dining room—daintily decorated in smilax and pinks—and were served with a delicious wedding breakfast, while best wishes and congratulations were showered upon the newly-married pair—a fitting finale of a joyous wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clothier, Jr., departed on an afternoon train for New York City and will visit other points on their nuptial journey. They will make their home in Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Clothier wore a traveling suit of blue Panama cloth.

This popular young couple were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents, beautiful cut glass articles being especially numerous.

The out-of-town guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Penn Clothier, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Clothier and Mr. Fred Ford of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie T. Brennan and daughter of Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. Roy Blowers and daughter of Westfield, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup and Mrs. Carrie Irons of Mt. Jewett.

The Trainmen's Ball.

The Shawmut Lodge of the B. of R. T. holds its annual grand ball at the Lyceum to-morrow night. The ladies of St. Elizabeth's church will furnish an elegant supper at $1.00 per couple, which will be served on the stage. An ice cream and cake booth will also be conducted. The proceeds from the sale of refreshments are for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's church fund. The Lyceum orchestra will furnish music for the dancers. A large crowd of St. Marys people is expected, a special train having been secured on the P., S. & N., which leaves St. Marys at 7 p. m. Tickets for the dance are $1.00 per couple.

Will Locate in Eldred.

Mrs. E. Wallace Mullin is seriously ill at the Mullin residence on West Corydon street. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Mullin were to leave for Eldred, where the former will open an office and engage in the practice of his profession, but the departure was necessarily postponed, owing to the sudden attack of illness. Mr. Mullin has shipped his household goods and law library to Eldred and will go there next week to complete arrangements for taking up his permanent residence in the borough—Bradford Era.

Book on California.

56 pages, 76 illustrations. Describes California and the route there. Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Line.

This is the route of The Overland Limited. Leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m. daily. Arrives San Francisco the third day in time for dinner. California book sent for 6 cents postage. F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howell, 381 Broadway, New York.

For Sale.

Surrey in good condition; also light delivery wagon. E. W. Workley, Pennsylvania R. R. station, East Smethport.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

Mr. Richmond then stated the line of the defence proposed to be pursued by the counsel for the prisoner. He spoke with great warmth and earnestness and plainly laid out the usual insanity plea. He said they would show to the court that the defendant was the victim of a habit which he could not name but must only intimate, a habit that he said filled the cells of our jails, almshouses and asylums, and that in fact any physiologist could readily read the evidences of this habit clearly and plainly. He proposed to show that there was no motive for him to murder her, that she was the dearest object to him on earth. That he had sustained an injury from which he had never fully recovered, and, in short, that he was of such unsanity mentally that he could not be guilty of willful, deliberate and premeditated murder.

Defendant's testimony commenced.

James Tracy sworn: I live at the depot at Smethport. My name is James Tracy. I have been with Andrew nearly all the time except last two years. I used to notice that he would be gloomy and melancholy, go out by himself and sit alone when there was company at the house; didn't seem to care for company at the house; was mostly by himself, was mostly gloomy and sullen. He had a revolver. I've seen him take the revolver, hold it to his head and snap it. I tried to get hold of the pistol. This was about four years ago, probably a little less. I got the revolver. I was then living at the depot. I locked it in the bureau drawer. He tried to get it back; I would not give it back to him. One day there was a yoke of young oxen standing by the door. He took my little child, a little girl. I heard my wife tell him not to put the child on the ox. I went outside; he had put it on the steer's back and the steer threw it off and kicked it. I have frequently slept with him; I have known by movements, etc., that he was engaged in self pollution. I don't know anything about the frequency. I used to sleep with him quite frequently; only when there would be people at our house. I have known a little child to cheat him in a trade. One boy found a little magnet and traded it to Andy for a double-bitted axe. If he had money about him he would be showing it to the little children. Sometimes he would take it out every few minutes.

Cross-examined.

He did business for me; he presented a license petition for me; I don't remember of any other; I asked him to try to get business to do; took the pistol from him more than two years ago; he gave as reason for his conduct; I don't recollect how it happened that I noticed him trying to shoot himself; he had the revolver in his hand, and I think he called my attention to observe what he was about to do; I told him it was very foolish of him; it was a revolver; I have the same one yet; I think it made no noise other than the click of the hammer; I never let him have it again; I did not know that he had a revolver the last year or two; the ox case happened about three years ago; I thought it was very wrong; I took it as an evidence of insanity; the case of the double-bitted axe was some time last year; I have not slept with Andy in the last two years; he avoided the society of ladies; I saw him leave the Misses Mullin when they were at our house; the Reilly girls and the McCabe girls also were deserted by him; he never expressed any aversion, nor used any discourtesy towards them; I think he did not go out and leave Mary Reilly, my child, twelve years of age, frequently slept with Andy, and I thought him crazy then.

John Tracy sworn: I have resided for the last two years part of the time on the farm, part of the time out west and part of the time in Crawford county. When Andy came home last April I was at the house alone and in bed; I heard a loud knock at the door and opened it; Andy was there; he came in and commenced striding the house, saying: "Oh, God! I'm in a passion!" this he repeated many times, and finally came to bed; he has not slept well for two years; he would talk all night if I would let him; he talked about a book he had read, the characters of them and other trifling things; I slept with him I think at least three nights in the week; I discovered nothing of nightly emissions, only what he told me; sometimes he was very talkative, and at others "taciturn;" I think that is the right word; he told me several times that he was greatly afflicted with nocturnal emissions; this was some six years ago; he said it was very disagreeable.

Cross examined.

In 1877 I was in Iowa and Minnesota; I came home last April; I occupied the same bed with Andy before I went away; he usually staid in bed some hours after I got up; he was at home a great part of the time last summer—through ploughing time and a good part of the time all summer.

Re-direct.

I was not present at the time of the load-stone transaction; often when I went back to bed in the morning I would find him lying on his side with one hand out from under the clothing, making motions as if writing.

(To be continued.)

Dixon Planning Work.

Political and medical circles are deeply interested in the organization of the new State Department of Health. This is particularly true with regard to the appointment of the ten district deputies. Commissioner Dixon is familiarizing himself with the work of the department.

Until he has its organization well under way he probably will not announce the appointment of district deputies. In fact, this announcement may not be made for two or three months. Regarding this matter, Commissioner Dixon has said:

"The law under which we are working wisely permits the commissioner to exercise his discretion as to districting the State, and it is probable that for the present the department will not divide the State into ten districts, but will appoint county medical inspectors with added responsibilities necessary to carry out the broader work of the new department. This will permit sanitary work to be promptly and effectively continued throughout the State while the new department is being carefully organized."

Shawmut Extension.

That the Shawmut line is destined within a year or two to gain access to the city of Pittsburg appears to be a good guess. Work is now under way on an extension of 110 miles that will bring the Shawmut line within some 30 odd miles of Pittsburg. Whether the Shawmut will enter the smoky city over the tracks of the Wabash or over those of the Bessemer & Lake Erie is not known, but negotiations are under way for an entrance over one of the lines.

The new extension of the Shawmut line taps rich coal districts where several new mines will be opened and operated. That powerful financial interests are back of the Shawmut line cannot be doubted. There is a belief quite prevalent that the Wabash folks or their friends are financially interested in the Shawmut line, so it would not be strange if these two lines should arrange a working agreement that would be mutually profitable. That the Shawmut line is destined to be a great coal road within the next five or ten years there is no doubt.—Ex.

Cloudburst Causes Damage.

A dispatch in yesterday's Era says:

Evergreen, five miles from Pittsburg, was the scene of a cloudburst Tuesday evening. Girtis Run rose 20 feet in 20 minutes, the torrent pouring through Millvale and Sharpsburg, carrying off stables and workshops, wrenching the foundations of bridges and covering the street car tracks several feet deep. The flood poured into a number of basements and kitchens where families were eating supper, forcing them to leave the meal to save their lives. Hundreds fled to higher ground, but the flood quickly subsided.

West View, another suburb, also suffered considerably.

During the storm lightning struck a tank in the Standard Oil plant in Pittsburg, igniting the oil and doing much damage. The total loss will reach $25,000.

Chief of Police Murdered.

Edward W. Fenner, chief of police of the village of Troy, Bradford county, was found dead in an alley of that village at about 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning, with a bullet wound through his heart and another in his left hip. He was lying on his back, his revolver in hand with four of the five chambers empty. Several persons heard reports about 2 a. m., but as firecrackers were being exploded late in the evening the reports attracted no attention. The man had been dead several hours when found. There is positively no clue to the perpetrators. A reward of $1,000 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. Fenner had been on the force fifteen years and is survived by his widow and son.—Wellsboro Advocate.

Accident to Smethport Factory Tank.

The cap of the tank at the Smethport Window Glass factory caved in early Sunday evening. The accident made necessary the putting out of the fire to make repairs and consequently the factory will shut down for the season. Under favorable circumstances the factory would have continued in operation two weeks longer. This is the first break down of serious extent this season and the fire has been a long and successful one. The suspension of work at this plant will throw a large number of men out of work and many of them have already departed on their summer vacations. However it is fortunate that the break did not occur earlier in the working season as considerable time will be necessary to repair the tank.

Try one of our lightning freezers. They cost but little at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

The Story Denied.

An Olean dispatch dated June 17, in the Bradford Herald says: According to a dispatch from Bradford published in the Buffalo Evening News, A. J. Gaffney, a prominent oil man and commission merchant in that city, lost over $7,500 at roulette in a gambling room over the Gold Dollar saloon on Main street in Buffalo. According to the story published in the News, Gaffney lost his ready money and $7,500 besides, giving a check to cover the last amount, drawn on the First National bank of Bradford, payable to J. L. Glenn, who conducts the Gold Dollar. It is said that Glenn went to Bradford accompanied by an attorney to collect the money but payment was refused by Gaffney on the ground that it was a gambling debt.

A story current in Buffalo, however, brings Chief of Police Swift of this city into the matter. According to this rumor, Glenn received payment on the check and that Gaffney and his friends secured the services of Chief Swift, who went to Buffalo, demanded the return of the money and received it.

Chief Swift was seen this morning and emphatically denied all knowledge of the affair. He knew no man living in Bradford by the name of Gaffney and did not go to Buffalo on such an errand for a man named Gaffney or anyone else. He has not been in Buffalo this week, but was there twice last week and three times the week before.

A telephone message from Bradford says that A. J. Gaffney is a horseman residing at Kane, but the whole story is probably "hot air." In the first place it is doubtful if Gaffney lost the money, but if he did, his acquaintances do not believe that payment on any check he had given would be stopped.

First Baptist Church Notes.

Rev. W. A. Day of Delevan, N. Y., who has occupied the pulpit of the First Baptist church of this place for the past two Sundays, has received the regular appointment to this church and he will preach his inaugural sermon next Sunday morning. The services will be as follows: 10:45 a. m., morning subject "Our Lord's Appointments With Believers;" Bible school at 12 m.; Junior C. E. at 4 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m.; evening worship at 7:45 p. m., subject for sermon, "Alone." All who do not attend worship elsewhere are invited to attend.

Stricken With Typhoid Fever.

Mrs. W. F. Crickler and daughter, Mildred, of Batavia, N. Y., came to Smethport last week to visit Mrs. Crickler's sister, Mrs. A. W. Pancoast. The latter part of last week she was taken ill and typhoid fever developed. Tuesday evening Mr. Crickler arrived from Batavia and at the earnest request of his sick wife arrangements were made for removal to her home. Accordingly she was taken to Batavia yesterday accompanied by her husband, daughter, Mrs. A. W. Pancoast, and Dr. Robert Hamilton.

Another Fast Train.

A Toledo dispatch dated June 18, says: The Twentieth Century Limited train on the Lake Shore, which inaugurated its 18 hour service between Chicago and New York, to-day arrived here from Chicago at 4:29 p. m., 14 minutes ahead of time. It laid here until 4:46 p. m., its scheduled time for departure. The run proves that a 16-hour schedule between Chicago and New York can be maintained.

Quarterly Meeting and Conference.

Love feast will be held at the Methodist church on Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by Dr. Willey, followed by holy communion. At this service opportunity will be offered for uniting with the church. Sunday school session at noon. Epworth League devotional meeting at 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. Quarterly conference in charge of Rev. Dr. Carlos on Monday at 8 p. m.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 17, 1905:

George E. Baker, Ben S. Baker, Miss Goldie Daily, E. P. Fundrew, C. E. Judge.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Through Scenic Colorado

to Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles via the Missouri Pacific Railway. Tickets on sale during the summer months at very low rates. Through Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Car Service from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast. For rates and information address Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

For Sale.

Second hand farming utensils, including one plow, two mowing machines, reaper and binder and drop reapes, lumber wagon, light bob sleds, heavy bob sleds. Same will be sold cheap for cash or on approved paper. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Go to Holmes & Gilfillan's for your screen doors. They have the best.

ADMIRAL DICK

By BISSELL BRICE

Copyright, 1901, by A. H. Marthe

THE battlefield was in a Pennsylvania valley through which the Badger river flowed between the two flanking chains of hills. This valley was a natural highway between two populous sections. On the western bank a railroad had already spun its threads of steel and become one of the best paying lines in the country, the amount of business handled by it having caused the general superintendent to remark, "The B. and R. E. isn't very long, but she's mighty wide."

Two other lines had cast envious glances at the traffic of the B. and R. E. and planned to extend their tracks so as to tap this rich section. This was especially desirable, as it would give them a short cut into Pittsburg.

The western shore being already occupied, each of the new companies had run a survey along the precipitous side

"DICK, I WANT TO DO A BIT OF HUSTLING TOMORROW."

of the eastern hills and was rapidly pressing construction work.

The B. R. had been the first to commence work and had run their grade close to the river and but a few feet above high water mark. The B. F. and N. grade stakes were set about twenty feet higher up. For about half a mile the hillside was almost perpendicular and of solid rock. The B. R. had completed a considerable stretch of their grade when the B. F. and N. began cutting out the hill above them, scattering rocks and consternation among the men below.

The latter road was part of a very wealthy system whose board of directors had determined to use every effort to prevent the B. R. from completing their road. Every step, both in the courts and on the ground, had been hotly contested with the hope of driving out the B. R., which was much weaker financially and less able to stand the strain of a wasteful struggle.

They hoped to force them into abandoning their claim. Already a number of the members of the B. R. board were in favor of giving up the fight and selling out to their rival, which had offered a sum sufficient to cover the expenses already incurred. The president and a majority of the board had, however, insisted upon standing upon what they knew to be their rights and not surrendering to the unjust domineering of their powerful enemy.

An injunction had been obtained by the B. R. restraining the other road from interfering with them until the matter could be determined in court. They had even agreed to suspend any further work on their line until such legal decision was rendered. The other company, knowing the weakness of their claim, had refused to do this and had succeeded in having the injunction set aside upon a technical irregularity in the proceedings.

Steps were immediately taken by the B. R. for a rehearing in the matter of the injunction, and it was while this was in course of preparation that the B. F. and N. redoubled their efforts to crush their weaker neighbor.

The last setback had discouraged others of the B. R.'s directors, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that the president of the company could get them to continue the struggle.

The enmity existing between the two roads had spread to the workmen, who looked upon each other with bitter hatred.

Dick Gallagher's father was foreman of a gang on the B. R. which was working at a point where the battle raged most fiercely. This was a mile or so below Honseton, where the Gallaghers lived. It was a hot July day, and Dick had been kept busy with the water pail. He had just brought a fresh supply and was passing it among the men when his father, who had been keeping a watchful eye on the gang above, called out: "Look out, b'ys! They're stirrin' up another blast up-thar, th' northern devils. Run!"

The men dropped their tools and hurried down the grade just in time to escape a shower of rocks which came hailing down in torrents.

The men on the upper level laughed to see their undignified flight. Their ridicule exasperated Gallagher's men, and as soon as the stones ceased falling they went back and attacked the foot of the slope of the enemy's grade with fury.

Everybody was out of harm's way before another charge of dynamite heaved its chest and sent a portion of the hill down in fragments.

"Everybody," did I say? No. Dick's dog, a common, homely little black cur, but Dick's only possession and pride, had not understood the warning and stood watching their flight in astonishment. Dick saw it all. He saw the great stone that came hurtling down upon poor Jop's head, crushing the life out of him.

He didn't cry—that is, not there, although there wasn't a thing in all this world that he would have taken in exchange for Jop. He picked up his pail without a word and started for the spring. What if his eyes were red when he returned? He had sworn eternal enmity to the B. F. and N., and that mangy little dead dog cost them their road later.

Four days later Dick was sitting on the bank about a half-mile above the scene of Jop's taking off, watching the Badger river.

Who would have thought that the peaceful dreamy little Badger of a week ago could have changed to this coffee colored torrent that was rushing so madly by, carrying logs, rafts, henhouses, sheds, shocks of corn and pumpkins in a bewildering jumble?

It looked like a procession of vegetables taking themselves to market. Dick watched the panorama with boyish interest. It was the annual "fall rise"—the rise which, when the flood began to subside a little, would send the coal fleets scurrying, puffing and snorting down the Ohio.

There had been floods before, but none in the memory of man like this. It was already above high water mark and still rising.

Near where Dick sat a small creek entered the Badger through a deep ravine which cut the hill at that point.

The B. F. and N. were erecting a trestle over this ravine. To the north of it they already had tracks laid and construction trains running, as had also the B. R. The hill there not being so precipitous, and it was on the north, there was room for the two to run a little crowding.

An engine had just stopped, a little above where Dick was sitting, and a short, stocky man stepped from the cab.

"Triumph," muttered Dick. "Their walking boss is come to take a look at their old road."

As the general foreman alighted he called to the foreman of the gang which was at work there, and the two walked down toward the trestle. They stopped just behind a boy who was apparently intent upon throwing stones into the river oblivious to all else.

"Pike," said the new arrival, "I want to do a bit of hustling tomorrow. Rogers says he will have this trestle so we can run trains over it by 9 tonight. Now is our chance to clinch our hold and make the B. R. sick of their job. I want you to get your men out by daylight in the morning and work them to the limit. I am going to run trains over here and dump riprap down on the B. R. I'll make them a present of more ballast than they ever saw. Fill 'em, then clear out of sight, and there won't be any resurrection for them.

"They have had the advantage of us heretofore because they could run trains in from both ends. Since they got that culvert completed down there they were in a position to couple up their track right off and run trains clear through. If this flood hadn't stopped them. But I wouldn't have had them get a train through for the world."

The general foreman rubbed his fat hands in gleeful anticipation of the things he would do to and the surprises he had in store for the B. R.

The two men walked back over the trestle and on up the track, leaving a small boy throwing stones at a big yellow pumpkin that seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, closely pursued in this commendable effort by an old farmyard mate. They did not know the boy—in fact, gave him no thought. Their minds were full of weightier matters, for were they not fighting a great battle—a battle in which fortunes were at stake?

That was where the construction boss made his mistake, for the eye is often more dangerous than the general, and that small boy was likewise thinking of other things than the pumpkin which seemed to absorb his attention.

Dick was thinking of Jop and the bitter contest waged for so many days between his father's gang and the men in the cut above. He watched the general of the opposing forces disappear into the cab again after the train had been unloaded.

His brain fairly reeled in a whirl. What should he do? Their own tracks his own gang, he almost slaughtered them—were under water in one and no trains running. It was already 5 o'clock, and none of the B. R. men about, and construction headquarters were at Barnstable, twenty miles up the road. As he heard the whistle of the engine on the rival company's train calling in their laborers preparatory to starting back a firm resolve took possession of him. He darted across the trestle and caught the last car just as it was moving off. It was a gondola. He pulled himself over the side and crouched down on the floor out of sight, bound for Barnstable.

The engineer of construction of the B. R. was just leaving his office when he heard some one running down the platform and calling: "Mr. Bent! Mr. Bent!"

He turned about, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and looked from under the peak of his cap to see who was calling.

Dick came up out of breath.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the engineer.

"I've got—eh—a somethin' to tell ye," panted the boy.

"All right. Catch up with your breath as quick as you can and let's have it. But who are you?"

"I'm Dick—Dick Gallagher. I live down at Honseton. My father's foreman at—at the rock cut."

"Oh, Jerry Gallagher's boy, eh? Well, what's up?"

"The B. F. and N. is goin' to run over their trestle tonight and shift dumpin' on our tracks. They say they will carry us out of sight by the time the water goes down."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Bent incredulously, looking intently at Dick. "Who told you?"

Between gasps for breath Dick told his tale. The engineer thrust his hands deep into his pockets. His eyes seemed to retreat under his shaggy brows. His chin was thrust forward, and he bit savagely at his mustache.

"Come with me," he said, leading the way back to the depot and into the telegraph office. The operator had his lunch basket open in front of him and was already about half through with his supper.

"Call up C. D. as quick as you can," said Mr. Bent, taking a chair by the operator's side. "Clickety, click," went the instrument.

"I have him, sir."

"Ask him if the superintendent is in and if I want to talk with him."

After a short pause there came an answering stutter in the receiver.

"He is there now, sir," was the interpretation given by the man at the wire.

Then began an exciting lot of jabber, as though the instrument had gone crazy. After it had continued for about fifteen minutes back and forth Mr. Bent said: "That's all right. Now call up A. Y. and tell John Connolly that I want him to order his work engine down here with a gondola of stone tonight and to be here at 11. C. D. will notify the dispatcher's office, and his crew will get their orders at A. Y. in time to start."

After this order had gone out and the instrument had again ceased its clatter the engineer said, "Now get Moro and ask how the river is up there."

Again the operator bent over the board, pressing the metal tongue and making it speak. Then, inclining his head and listening, he said, "Water is reported falling four inches an hour."

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Bent. "Good! Then it must be nearly stationary here. The fall ought to reach here"—placing his hand on his chin and making a mental calculation which required a tense wrinkling of his forehead—"about—let's see—about midnight. Have you had any supper?" addressing Dick.

"No, sir; I just got here when I saw you."

"Well, then, come over to the hotel." And he led Dick across the tracks and into the dining room of the Continental.

True, he looked a little out of place there with his old clay soiled clothes and rumpled hair, but so long as Mr. Bent was his sponsor it was all right.

Shortly after midnight an engine, caboose and a gondola moved out of the station at Barnstable. The gondola was in front and the caboose behind the engine. The caboose was filled with men. In the cab of the locomotive were the engineer and fireman, also two others. On the seat with the engineer was Mr. Dumond, the general superintendent; with the fireman was Mr. Bent.

The special flew through the darkness until that part of the road was reached where the track was lost in the water. Here the pace was slackened to a mere crawl as the heavy monster felt its way over the hidden rails.

The gondola had been heavily loaded with stone and placed ahead so that it could be shoved over the track as a sort of feeler to see whether the road bed had been weakened by the flood or whether it would stand up under the weight of the engine.

The water began to splash and swirl about the wheels. It rose higher and higher. It touched the bottom of the fire box and there was an ominous hiss. On pushed the train, and higher came the water until it was almost up to the cab floor.

"Bent," said the superintendent, "do you think we can make it?"

"I don't know," was the engineer's reply as he peered out into the darkness, trying to get the exact location. "I think we are all about the lowest point now. We run on a level for a short distance here and then strike a 2 per cent grade which will lift us up again."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Dumond, raising a hand.

"Where?" inquired his companions.

"Out there on the landpla."

The engineer looked over his shoulder. "Looks like a boy," he said.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" was Mr. Bent's comment after drawing in his head. "If that isn't that young rascal, Dick. He's bound to see the thing through sure enough."

And Dick it was, standing in the gondola. He had crouched down among the stone inside and hidden before the start, but now the swishing of the waters had aroused his curiosity, and he was standing erect, peering into the waters ahead like a ship's lookout.

"That boy will make a hustler all right, if he only has the right sort of training," said Mr. Bent. "Looks like an admiral taking his fleet into action, doesn't he?"

And "Admiral Dick" he was called from that day.

The up grade was soon struck, and by the time the scene of action was reached there were scarcely six inches of water on the rails.

Out of the caboose tumbled the men with heavy iron cables, chains and hooks. They crept cautiously up the bank to the rival road's trestle. The chains and cables were passed around the timbers of that structure and made fast. A great saw was judiciously applied in certain well selected places. The cables were made fast to the drawhead of the engine and the word given.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!" It seemed as if the whole hillside was breathing. The valley echoed with the sound as the monster gasped for breath. The cables swished up out of the water and grew taut. Dick, standing on the upper level at a safe place, watched breathlessly.

There was a sputter and roaring, a flutter as the driving wheels slipped and went whirling round. Again the steam was let into the cylinders cautiously, again that echoing snort and straining of wires, but this time the drivers took a good grip on the track. There was a cracking sound, then a crash and roar as the structure gave way and went crashing into the ravine.

"I guess there won't be many trains run over that trestle this week," chuckled Mr. Bent as the train swept back toward B.

"It looks to me as if the water was falling, and I'm going to have the rails laid over that culvert and see if we can't get a train through to Pittsburg in the morning. If it's nothing but a switch engine and a flat car."

* * * * * * *

The first faint streak of dawn found Dick still on the spot, anxious to see the downfall of his enemies.

Below him a gang of men were laying the rails over the culvert. The water had receded rapidly, and the entire B. R. line was above water. Off to the north he

OUT OF THE CABOOSE TUMBLED THE MEN.

[illegible] the operation in detail. It was [illegible] by a diagram. Cautiously it [illegible] to the edge of the trestle and [illegible] again. The superintendent, the foreman of the rock gang and a number of others came and looked down upon the debris of their wrecked trestle.

The superintendent, whose line had been reported short of explosives, seemed to have plenty left in his vocabulary, and he poured forth upon the head of his general foreman a scathing shower of words selected from the muddy end of the dictionary, not exactly complimentary, but expressive of his opinion of that gentleman's failure to have the structure watched.

When the superintendent had gone back up the track his unhappy victim added a few specimens of his own linguistic accomplishments and passed the pleasantries on to the division foreman.

"Hello, you fellers!" shouted Dick. "Why don't you run your train over here and dump them rocks on us?. Why don't you bury us out of sight, eh?". Then, addressing the foreman and shaking his dirty little fist at him, "You will kill my dog, will you?"

There was a rumble on the track below, and an engine, southbound, with a passenger coach attached, stopped by the new culvert. The defeated group on the bank above (they were defeated, for the courts decided against them a week later) heard an exasperating laugh and then the voice of Mr. Bent called out: "Ho, there, Dick! You here yet? Come down here. The superintendent wants the admiral to ride into Pittsburg with him. Come on. He wants to introduce you to the board of directors."

The Value of a Dollar.

There are three ways to learn the value of a dollar. The first is to spend it and see what you get for it. The second is to earn it and see what you give for it. The third is to save it and yearn for all the things it might buy if you were weak enough to spend it.—Troy (Kan.) Chief.

A Loony Question.

"Pa," began Bobby, "may I ask one more question?"

"Um!" replied pa, without looking up from his book.

"Well," said Bobby, "if they had clocks in the moon could they be lunacies?"—Life.

Happiness In Work.

Ruskin says three things are necessary to happiness in work: A fitness for it, must not do too much of it and must have some consciousness of success.

A throat specialist says the best chest protector is worn on the sole of the foot.

ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE.

The Pay Is If It Is Small, but the Positions Are Eagerly Sought.

"Once a civil servant always a civil servant," appears to be the motto of the English civil service, for unless one proves dishonest or an extraordinarily poor workman he is retained in service until the age limit is reached and the salary list is exchanged for the pension roll.

Unlike the civil service in the United States, there is no strong partisanship. Appointees hold their position no matter which party may be in power.

The pay is not large, even in view of the small cost of living in England. Fifteen dollars is about the limit of weekly payment in the postoffice department, though some of the executive positions pay as high as $2,000 a year. The excise department is a favored branch, the pay starting at $250 a year. This is raised by a yearly increase of $25 until the pay reaches $400, and after a year is jumped to $575. From there on the pay jumps rapidly to $1,250 yearly, and if the officer is fortunate in at last arriving at the dignity of collector he draws $4,000 yearly.

Parliamentary clerkships run from $500 to $3,000 a year, and the navy department will run a clerk up to $3,000 if he reaches the importance of fleet paymaster.

In spite of the small salaries the places are eagerly sought, since it means a life position, with a pension for one's declining years.

VERA SASSULITCH.

The Way the Great Russian Woman Spy Blinded the Nihilists.

When the famous General Trepoff was only at the beginning of his career Vera Sassulitch was his invaluable assistant.

Trepoff was the detested enemy of the nihilists, and he was very anxious to obtain inside information as to their doings and plans. Suddenly one day in 1878, he was fired at while driving through the streets of St. Petersburg by no other than Vera Sassulitch. She was at once seized by the soldiery and was charged with the attempted murder of Trepoff, being tried in the ordinary manner; but to the amazement of the public, she was acquitted.

On her release the nihilists gathered about her, desiring to admit such a friend of the people to their closest acquaintance. In this way she was admitted to all their private circles and was made acquainted with their secrets. These she at once communicated to the Russian government. The truth was that the whole business, including the attempt on his life, was faked by Trepoff himself, and it was simply a clever ruse to get from the nihilists what could not be got in any other way. Thereafter Vera Sassulitch played the part of government spy on innumerable occasions.

POINT LACE.

The Result of the Genius of Barbara Uttman, of Saxony.

A little known example of inventive genius in woman is that afforded by Barbara Uttman of Saxony and her point lace so long in fashionable use all over the world. She invented the process and apparatus for manufacturing this beautiful handiwork, which has since given employment to millions of operators and which, in its line, has never been excelled. The apparatus looks like a long pincushion bristling with pins arranged to outline the pattern or design. The operator manages from ten to fifty peculiar spools, allowing the thread to feed over the pins alternately until the design is completed. The spools or bobbins are purposely of different colors, so as to be easily distinguishable. The process is slow and difficult to learn. Miss Uttman founded schools where thousands learned it. Since her time, when inventive ability was rare even among men, her ideas have been incorporated in the construction of machinery, by which the lace is produced at wonderful lower rates, and yet Barbara Uttman's lace still surpasses all.—London Queen.

Too Rich a Haul.

When General Trepoff was chief of police in Moscow, before the establishment of the state liquor monopoly, he was told from the highest quarters to suppress the orgies at popular resorts in the town. A few days later the police raided the principal restaurants after midnight, and the next morning General Trepoff asked of his august master directions for the prosecution of one member of the imperial family, two judges of the high court, a mayor and deputy mayor, several generals and many women well known in Moscow society, who, among others, had been arrested in the raid. The matter ended there.

Has the Most Legs.

The little creature which bears the distinction of owning more legs and feet than any other known organized being is the millioped, which literally means "thousand footed." There are several species of these curious worms, all possessing the characteristic of having a many segmented body, each segment provided with a pair of legs. Unlike the centipeds—"hundred footed"—they are perfectly harmless.

One Thing Certain.

"Of course, heat causes metals to expand. There's no doubt of that. Don't you believe it?"

"Well, at any rate, I know that a hot old time doesn't cause a five dollar gold piece to expand to any great extent."—Philadelphia Press.

Setting Him Right.

Husband—Well, madam, you've got your wish—you've married a rich husband. Wife—No, dear, I've married a rich man, but a poor husband.

Goodness Knows.

Mrs. Nuyberleigh—Judge, I want you to try some of my angel cake. Judge Sokem (absently)—What is it charged with?—Cleveland Leader.

To believe is to be strong. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power.—Roberts.

THE GREAT ICE AGE.

How Its Passing Left Its Record In Gravels and Rocks.

Some 10,000 or more years ago the conditions which had brought about the great ice age were beginning to change. The elevated land began to sink, and a higher temperature slowly followed. The long winter was gradually drawing to a close, and the great springtime of the world was beginning to hasten its influence upon an ice covered land. Polis, rather mountains, of ice began to melt, and the water filled the river valleys to overflowing. Gravel, sand and mud were borne along by these raging waters and deposited wherever the conditions were favorable. Ice rafts covered the surface of the flood, bearing rocks and bowlders from more northern lands.

All rivers which had glacial sources were greatly influenced by the final melting. As the southern part of the ice sheet rested over northern Pennsylvania, the Delaware and the Susquehanna were typical rivers of the age. The rocks and gravels which line their banks show how well they have kept the record. In the Delaware valley brick clay and gravel are laid out in beautiful terraces, especially at Stroudsburg and the Water Gap. Here the waters rose some 200 feet, and as artificial dam is supposed to have formed the river into a broad lake. The Indians, it is said, have a curious legend about this flood. They tell us that the "Minsies" were the first race which dwelt here, and the region round about they call "Minisink," meaning that the waters are gone—a vague remembrance perhaps of the postglacial floods.

THE GIFT OF GAB.

Why Stephenson Thought There Was No Power Equal to It.

When George Stephenson was visiting the seat of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton on one occasion, says the writer of "Famous British Engineers," there happened to be present Dr. Buckland, the scientist, and Sir William Follett, the famous advocate.

Stephenson discussed with Dr. Buckland one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal and, though undoubtedly in the right, was ultimately vanquished by the arguments and oratory of the doctor, who was a better master of tongue fence than himself. Next morning while pondering over his defeat in the solitude of the garden he was accosted by Sir William Follett and confided to that gentleman the story of his failure.

Sir William, acquainted with the details of the matter in dispute, agreed to take up the case and soon afterward attacked Dr. Buckland on the subject. A long discussion ensued, in which the man of law completely silenced the man of science, who was at last compelled to own himself vanquished. Sir Robert Peel, highly amused at this example of "tit for tat," then turned to the inventor and inquired, with a laugh:

"And what do you say on this matter, Mr. Stephenson?"

"Why," he replied, "I will only say this—that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to me no power equal to the gift of the gab."

Blois' Beautiful Staircase.

New or old, Blois is an amazing achievement of the human brain and the human hand. The great staircase in the courtyard, an outside one, forming an essential part of the elevation, is, of course, the masterpiece of wonder and delight. There is nothing like it in the world, and probably there never will be. The staircase of the Paris Opera—an interior one, by the way—would have everything to fear in the comparison. The other is a mass of the richest and of the purest ornament, with a beautiful proportion between its shadows and its lights. It is characteristic of the spirit in which such work was done that it is not always easy to give due gratitude to architect or to stone carver.—Richard Whiteing in Century.

A Carriage In an "Easter Egg."

The Easter week is the chief occasion for Russian family and friendly reunion and rejoicing. What Christmas boxes are to us or les etrennes to the French on New Year's day, Easter gifts are to the Russians. Egg shaped presents of every imaginable size and value are the order of the day. Sometimes these Easter gifts assume very substantial proportions. We once saw at St. Petersburg an Easter egg of gigantic dimensions, containing nothing smaller than a brougham destined for a charming and no doubt delighted recipient.—London Saturday Review.

An Astute Weather Prophet.

"When in doubt," said a southern senator, "we should imitate the example of the astute weather prophet. This prophet walked into his inner office one day and said to his junior clerk, 'Well, how are the indications for tomorrow?' 'Mighty uncertain, sir,' the junior answered. 'I hardly know what kind of a prognostication to make out.' 'Oh,' said the chief, 'just make it fine weather, with local rain. Then if it is fine we are all right, and if it storms that will be one of the local rains of our prophecy.'"

Suburban Attractiveness.

A Scout (from the city)—Where is the beautiful view you advertise? Farmer Takeminn—Why, ye jest walk over ter Pokeville an' take th' stage to Hen Lake an' the steamer ter Moose Landin' an' then climb up Skeeter mountain ter what they call "Lover's Leap," and thar ye git th' view, an' it's a dandy.—Puck.

Stubborn.

"Self opinionated? Well, I should say he is. I never met any one so dogmatic."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, he's positively bull-dogmatic."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Trouble Ahead.

Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you? Young Wife—I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts; Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heal or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Roondout, New York.

Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Muffin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Unhappy Women!

No woman can be happy when her health is undermined. No woman can have good health while she suffers from female weakness, inflammation, ulceration or any disease of the delicate womanly organs. Nervous, sleepless, fretful, suffering in body and mind, she does not live but only exists.

More than a half-a-million such women have found a perfect and permanent cure for their diseased condition in the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Women cured by this remedy say it is a "wonderful medicine," so perfectly does it restore them to health and comeliness.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other harmful drug. It is in the strictest sense, an honest, temperance medicine. Its ingredients are purely vegetable, and it will agree with the most delicate constitution.

Don't be hypnotized, or over persuaded, into accepting a substitute. This medicine has a record that's worth far more than any difference in price.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, either personally or by letter, absolutely without charge or fee, thus avoiding the unpleasant questionings, offensive examinations and obnoxious local treatments considered necessary by many local practitioners. All correspondence treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

These, tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, cure Constipation and Bad Stomach, attended by foul breath. One or two for laxative, three or four for cathartic.

This great family Doctor Book Free on receipt of 21 one-cent postage stamps to cover cost of mailing; or, in fine cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE.

Jewett's Refrigerators
Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezers.
Wheeler's Adjustable Window Screens
Screen Doors
Wire Screen Poultry Netting
Summer Gas Ranges
Hot Plates and Ovens
Paints and Varnishes
Crockery and Glassware
Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 16, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Baseball to-morrow afternoon.

—Green Bros. have erected a substantial wooden awning over the porch on the west side of the Acme mill.

—Read the Miller Hardware Co.'s ad in to-day's issue. This popular Olean house has something interesting to say.

—Amos J. Williams and Mrs Anna Long of Milltown, Wyoming county, N. Y., were married Friday afternoon last by Justice B. L. Knapp.

—Miss Genevieve Crosby entertained Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Martha Brennan. The event was in the nature of a canned fruit shower.

—W. P. Mulhern, sales agent for the J. W. Duvall Coal Co. of Buffalo, has resigned his position and accepted one as traffic manager, for the Kaul & Hall interests.—Elk Enterprise.

—A $10,000 diamond necklace, said to have been at one time the property of Cassie Chadwick, was recently exhibited in Kane and created great excitement. The necklace is now owned by a wholesale jewelry house of Cleveland, Ohio.

—The bunco steerer is an industrious fellow. No short hour system curtails his operations. In his efforts to make a living he is always up and doing—doing those who do not read the newspapers, says Dave Dennison in the Era's random notes.

—Prof. J. B. Southard, who was principal of the Port Allegany schools for several successive years and then fitted himself as a lawyer, has forsaken the latter profession and has been engaged as principal of the Westfield schools for the coming term.

A twilight baseball game was played at Kane Friday evening between Kane and Coudersport. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning with the score a tie, on account of darkness. Burke Servatius made half of Kane's hits, having three to his credit, one for each time at bat.

—The MINER is in recipt of a copy of No. 3, Vol. 1, of Human Life, a new, 10 cent magazine edited by Alfred Henry Lewis. It is a neat, well illustrated publication and contains well written articles on topics of the day. The fiction is interesting and the magazine seems well worth the price. Published by the Human Life Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

—St. Marys now has a curfew ordinance. This curfew business seems an institution that the parents of a town are not capable of governing their own children. To Smethport's credit it may be said that the installation of this silly custom has never been agitated in the town and the youngsters will compare very favorably with those who are chased home by the un-American method of ringing a curfew bell.

—John Nelson, a woodsman, while attempting to board a freight train at Emery, a station on the B., R. & P. railroad between Bradford and Mt. Jewett, slipped and fell backward and was struck by another train last Friday. He was taken to the Bradford hospital where it was found he was suffering with a fractured skull and a compound fracture of the left elbow. In spite of his severe injuries the attending physicians are of the opinion that he will recover.

A Long Nose.

In a village in Maryland an old deacon in shaving himself on Sunday prior to church time made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quickly calling to his wife, says the Philadelphia Ledger, he asked her if she had any court plaster in the house.

"You will find some in my sewing basket," she said.

The deacon soon had the cut covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"Well, I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon your nose?"

"Court plaster."

"No," said his friend; "it is the label from a spool of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards.'"

Dr. John Brown's "Toast."

The celebrated Englishman Dr. John Brown, who founded the "Brunonian" system of medicine, was, in addition to being an exceedingly clever physician, a somewhat witty personage. For many years he paid his attentions to a certain lady without meeting with the success he desired, during which time he was accustomed to propose her health in company when called on for a toast. Being observed one day to omit the usual tribute, a gentleman present reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his charmer.

"Why, in truth," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain. Since I have toasted her so many years and still cannot make her Brown, I am resolved to toast her no longer."

A Calm at Sea.

All the afternoon the brig rolled on the long swells, which hourly grew heavier. They leaped against the horizon, swung onward beneath the keel and swept past with the unrelenting persistency that seemed the embodiment of vindictive hate. A gale can be combated, but in the grasp of a calm man is helpless. Every part of the vessel cried out in protest. The canvas slatted and flapped like the wings of a huge bird vainly trying to rise from the waves; every block rattled and creaked; the main boom hauled check aft, snatched at its sheets with a viciousness that threatened to part them at every roll and made their huge blocks crash; from the pantry below came the constant rattle of crockery, and the blue sea, dipped up through the scuppers, swashed back and forth across the main deck. By eight bells every stitch of canvas had been furled or clued up to save it, and the brig lay rolling in the dark hollows like a drunken sailor reeling home.—Is Frank Tooker in Century.

Sex and Hats and Churches.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries hats were commonly worn by men in Protestant churches both on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain.

Pepys notes in his diary as a singular circumstance that at the French church at the Savoy he saw, on Sept. 28, 1662, what he had never seen before—viz, a clergyman preaching with his hat off.

Another author of the period says some congregations took off their hats when they sang the Psalms, but kept their heads covered if they read them.

The custom almost died out after the restoration, but was revived again by William III. When William, however, found the Dutch habit caused offense to his English subjects he diplomatically remained bareheaded during the prayers and then put on his hat for the sermon.

Polewarth says the custom survived in Truro church as late as the year 1800.

Cab Stealing in London.

Cab stealing is by no means an uncommon thing in London. A caliman who has had any experience in the great metropolis would not take the risk of leaving his vehicle even for a few minutes unless he placed a reliable man in control, but the unwary are frequently robbed of horse and vehicle. The cab thief usually drives some distance from where he stole the property and takes advantage of some secluded spot or quiet street to alter the number of the vehicle, so as to escape immediate detection. This done, he has two alternatives. He either tries to earn a few shillings in fares before abandoning the cab or else he makes away with the whip, rug, mat and lamp, leaving the vehicle for the police to take charge of when found. Some thieves actually go to the trouble of stripping off from the wheels the india rubber tires.—London Standard.

Horace Greeley and an Autograph.

In his "Recollections of a Busy Life" Horace Greeley tells the story of how he once dealt very effectively with a persistent autograph hunter. A gushing youth wrote to Greeley as follows:

Dear Sir: Among your literary treasures you have no doubt preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me and receive the thanks of yours truly.

To which Greeley replied:

Dear Sir—Among my literary treasures there happens to be just one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. It is a note of hand for $8, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $8.2[illegible], including protest, and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully,

HORACE GREELEY.

The autograph was found among Greeley's possessions after his death.

Recalling a Mailed Letter.

After a letter is addressed and stamped and put into the mail box has the postmaster any right to give it back to the sender if sender wishes to recall it?

It is not only the right, but the duty of the postmaster to give back a letter already mailed which the sender wishes to recall. He is even authorized in certain cases to stop the delivery of a letter which has already started for its destination by a telegram to the postmaster at that place. But he must be very certain that the person who wishes to recall a letter in either case is the one who wrote it, and the latter must bear any expense that arises from telegraphing, etc.—St. Louis Republic.

Laws Against Elaborate Meals.

An edict of Charles IX. of France date 1563 made it a civil offense to offer any guest more than three courses at one meal. If a fourth appeared the provider of the feast was liable to a fine of 200 francs, while the guests who partook of it could be called upon to [illegible] 40 francs each. The [illegible] was made at the [illegible] for if he took an oath [illegible] course cannot be [illegible] to [illegible] fifteen days' [illegible] bread and water. If after [illegible] upon two [illegible] again he might [illegible] from the kingdom as a danger to the state.

Padded Coachmen.

In Russia it is a mark of distinction for a coachman to have a very rotund figure. The drivers of fashionable carriages appear at first to be abnormally stout. As a matter of fact this appearance, according to Burton Holmes, who made some investigations recently, is due to the skillful padding of the coachman's livery. The padding is done with cotton, and some remarkable results are obtained.

Sunset Charms.

"Oh, Mr. Chappey," exclaimed Miss Gush, "why weren't you up on the hill to see the sunset? It was just too lovely!"

"Yaas," replied Chappey, "sent my man up to do it for me. He understands that sawt of thing, don't y' know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Stevenson's Stories.

Mrs Robert Louis Stevenson has told of the circumstances under which certain of her husband's books were written. Stevenson and his wife were looking over some records of trials in the Old Bailey court during 1700. Among the papers was one describing the trial of James Stewart for the murder of a man which Stevenson "read with avidity." He used much of the story in this old court record for "Kidnapped," besides taking out the character of Alan Breck. "David Balfour," the sequel to "Kidnapped," was written on Samoa amid very "distracting circumstances." Mrs. Stevenson says, "With the natives on the verge of war and amid the most kaleidoscopic political changes, uncertain as to what moment his personal liberty might be restrained, his every action misconstrued and resented by the white inhabitants of the island, the excitement and fatigue of my husband's daily life might have seemed enough for any one man to endure without the additional strain of literary work."

His Duty Clear.

"I [illegible] demand the female [illegible] man's rights. That lets [illegible] thing to fighting. You [illegible] wife's shoulders? What do you [illegible] of woman's work? Is there a [illegible] here," she [illegible] "[illegible] her [illegible] and I [illegible] superb [illegible] the morning [illegible] wife [illegible] ly downstairs [illegible] his own [illegible] buttons on [illegible] ed the [illegible] pots and [illegible] cleaned and filled the lamps, and [illegible] all this if necessary day after day uncomplainingly? If there be such a man in this audience let him rise up. I should really like to see him."

And in the rear of the hall a mild looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.—Novel Magazine.

Uses For Hymn Books.

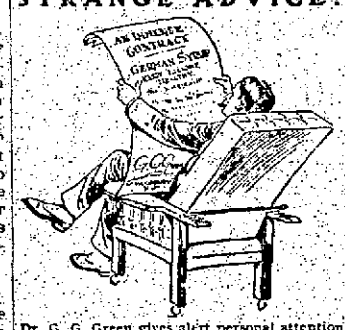
"I made a few calls the other day," said the pastor of an uptown church to his congregation, "and in one of the houses I saw a strange thing. What do you think? One of the church hymn books, the property of this church, had been carried home and was placed under the leg of the table to lengthen it out. I remonstrated at this menial use of hymn books. Apologies and blushes were profuse. Now, I am not scolding about this, but hymn books cost this church money, and if any of you have tables too short in the legs please put a newspaper under them or a piece of wood. If you do this, we won't have to send out and buy another hundred hymn books, as we did last week."

The pastor had no sooner ended these remarks than a girl sitting almost under his nose calmly opened a hymn book, placed it between her back and the back of the pew and settled comfortably down to listen to the sermon.—New York Press.

Coleridge's Home at Nether Stowey.

The cottage was at the western end of the village, and there it stands yet, a poor, ugly house, close on the street. We went in, and after making clear to the good woman who owned it that we were not looking for lodgings we saw all that there was to see of the dwelling. There were four rooms, two downstairs and two above. All were bare and disorderly, because, as the woman explained, housecleaning was in progress. It was needed. She showed us a winding stair, hardly better than a ladder, which led from the lower to the upper rooms. There was no view, no garden. But in Coleridge's day there was a small plot of ground belonging to the house and running back to the large and pleasant place of his friend, Poole.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's.

STRANGE ADVICE!



Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. *Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.* Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at

523 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASNOW & CO.

A GREAT CLEAN UP SALE.

After our busy spring trade we now have time to look over our stock and shape it up for fall. We discover too many goods of some kinds, and in order to move them quickly offer

Special Cut Prices

on Floor Coverings, Draperies, Curtains and Furniture.

2-9x12 Biglow Bagdad Wilton Rugs
Value $41.50. Sale Price, $35.

6-9x12 Royal Axminster Rugs
Value $27. Sale Price, $22.

6-9x12 Tapestry Rugs
Value $17.50. Sale Price, $14.50.

6-8ft. 3in. x 10ft. 6in Royal Axminister Rugs
Value $22. Sale Price, $18.

12 prs. Tapestry Draperies
Values $5 and $5.50. Sale Price, $3.98

Opaque Shades 36x72
Value 25c. Sale price, 18c.

PARLOR SUITS and DINING TABLES.

The prices on some of these have been cut 25 per cent.

Freight prepaid on all purchases of $5 or more.

MILLER HARDWARE CO.,

OLEAN, N. Y.

LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHING STORE.

NEW LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' WASH SHIRT WAIST SUITS

Just received direct from manufacturers.

This week I have on sale the largest assortment of shirt waist Suits and dressing sacks in town.

Many styles of white lawn, duck, also linen and colored suits for ladies.

Elegant wash suits of different styles and the suspender suits for misses which are so popular just now.

Do not fail to see these suits. Prices very low.

Don't forget that we are prepared with the latest in summer millinery.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

THORNTON & CHESTER BEST 1905 ROLLER FLOUR National Mills BUFFALO, N.Y.

THORNTON & CHESTER FLOURS

Make the Bread That Tastes Best

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

T. & C. Best, $1 75 sk. Pure Gold $1.70 sk.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 22, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY E. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

THE famous Cuban patriot, General Maximo Gomez, died at Havana, Cuba, Saturday evening. Gen. Gomez was a prominent figure in his country's fight for independence and his death is sincerely mourned by his countrymen.

BY the collision of a passenger train and a freight on the Western Maryland road 28 people lost their lives near Baltimore Saturday night. A majority of those killed worked on the railroad and were returning to their homes along the line on the passenger train at a rate of 30 miles an hour when the crash occurred with terrible results.

FORMER CHIEF HILL of the Philadelphia filtration bureau has been placed under arrest at the order of Mayor Weaver. Hill, who recently resigned his position which has a salary of $11,000 a year, is charged with forgery in uttering false statements and estimates upon the work of the filtration plant at Torresdale. It is charged that Hill altered the inspectors' monthly reports so that the contractors could collect more money than work actually called for.

THE editor of the Cross Fork News sarcastically remarks: "If you want to 'give someone a little shot,' go to the editor of some newspaper. If someone has wronged you, go to the editor. If any man fails to do right, tell the editor and insist that he 'roasts 'em.' He can make enemies by the hundred and it will not hurt your business in the least. Of course his business doesn't amount to anything any way. What if he does lose a dozen or two subscribers, and about three of his largest and best advertisers? The editor can live on good pure water and occasionally a slice of wind pudding. If there is a gambling den in town, it is of course the only thing to do to go to the editor. He must find out and 'roast 'em' for you, if you only speak the word. Justices of the peace, constables, sheriffs and district attorneys—but don't have anything to do with them—you might get "mixed up" in it and that would hurt your business—let such officials strictly alone—just go with your troubles to the editor and more particularly if you are not a subscriber to his paper. He is supposed to "roast" any one and everyone on your say so and to help everything in a public way from a supper for the benefit of some society to a Fourth of July celebration, and all absolutely free. He is very much like the minister, he can work here and board in heaven.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., June 17, 1905

Washington has been chosen as the meeting place of the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries and if, as the President confidently believes they will, they negotiate a convention providing for a lasting peace in the far East it will be known as the treaty of Washington, taking its place in history with those important international conventions known as "the treaty of Ghent," the "Treaty of Berlin" and "Treaty of Paris" and many others.

The selection of Washington as the meeting place of the commissioners of the belligerents was the natural outcome of the inferences which had developed between the two nations. Japan steadfastly declined to send representatives to any meeting place in Europe, other than London, fearing that they would be more or less influenced by the hostile sentiment with which they would be surrounded in Paris, Geneva and perhaps even at the Hague. Russia was, on the other hand, entirely opposed to a meeting in Asia, and the United States seemed the natural ground of compromise, being too more nearly half way between the two nations than any other country suggested. President Roosevelt, although he had personally favored the Hague, was not loath to have the conference held here for it must emphasize the diplomatic importance of the capital of "the new world."

It is authoritatively stated that if the climate in Washington proves too warm for the comfort of the plenipotentiaries every facility will be afforded them to meet elsewhere for a time. That is, they may meet and organize in Washington, then adjourn to some northern summer resort and return to the national capital for their closing sessions. If the commissioners determine to adjourn to some cooler point the President will place at their disposal two small naval vessels, presumably the Sylph and the Dolphin. He will himself return from Oyster Bay to welcome them to America but expects to remain but a short time, after which he will again retire to his summer home.

With the question of a place of meeting disposed of the President and the diplomatic representatives of the belligerents have now turned their attention to the question of the date for convening the conference and an announcement on this subject may be looked for daily. It is recalled that when commissioners of the United States and Spain met in Paris it required from October 1 to December 10 to complete their work, although the problems which confronted them were simple by comparison with those which will confront the Russian and Japanese diplomats.

The President has taken a step which does not meet with the entire approval of some members of his cabinet but which is likely to be commended by the public at large. He has created a committee, consisting of his most trusted friends in the government service, and placed Charles H. Keep, assistant secretary of the treasury, at its head. To this committee he has confided the duty of making a thorough investigation of the business methods of every executive department in Washington with two purposes in view, first to ascertain if lax methods of handling finances exist and if so to make recommendations for their remedy; second, to discover, if possible, what if any methods can be adopted to contribute to economical administration. Such overhauling of their affairs is not generally welcomed by the heads of the various departments, but the President believes that the postoffice scandals, which grew out of lax methods in the postoffice department, the recent defalcation in the Smithsonian Institute, the recent manifest mal-administration in the General Land Office, etc., amply warrant a thorough probing of all executive methods with a special view to prevent further misappropriations of the government funds, lands and privileges.

In the direction of economy the investigators are certain to find themselves confronted by numerous instances where material economy of administration would be effected could Congress be induced to adopt rational and business-like methods in place of the irrational except from a "spoils" standpoint now in vogue. For instance under the existing statutes each executive department is compelled to compile, at great expense for compilation and printing, a complete statement of every item expended throughout the year. Nor is this all, for members of Congress; fearful that one will secure something that the other does not, insists that several hundred copies of these be printed for each and every Senator and Representative. Of course they are of no possible use to the members of Congress except to make something to frank to their constituents as an evidence that the beloved constituent is not forgotten. The reports are of no use to the constituents either, except, possibly, as shaving paper or to light their fires.

As a matter of fact there is no good reason why these elaborate and detailed compilations of innumerable petty expenditures should be compiled at all. They are all a matter of record in the Treasury Department and no one ever reads the reports themselves. No business house regards it as necessary to print a transcript of its entire expenditures for the year which can always be ascertained by consulting the proper books, and no one has thus far advanced any good reason for the government's doing so. The extravagant waste of money, resulting from provisions inserted by Congress in every bill authorizing a government publication, that each and every member of Congress shall have from 50 to 100 copies is enormous.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Get one of our hot plates and ovens. Your gas bill will be smaller and your kitchen cooler. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Estray Notice.

Came to premises of A. J. Axburgh, Clermont, Pa., on the 18th day of May two spotted steers and one white heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charge; otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

A. J. AXBURGH.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

WANTED AT ONCE—Tailoress with some experience on coat work.

THE WAR ON PRICES OF CARPETS AND FLOOR COVERINGS IS NOW ON.

Our CUT PRICES advertised this week has seemed to arouse considerable indignation on the part of our competitors—so much so, that thousands of quotations are being thrown at the buyers.

All we expect of our customers is a fair comparison of patterns, qualities and prices. Our stock of carpets is the largest of any to be found in this section.

Read our quotations and bring them with you to see the goods. That's the way we do business.

If you are a buyer you surely will not ignore them. They are for you. It is purely a money proposition with us. Come! Come!!

600 yds. heavy cotton, 1 yd. Ingrain, 35c quality for per yd.	25c
1250 yds. extra, 40c ingrain, for per yd	29c
1200 yds. extra super all wool, 65c Ingrains, for per yd	59c
2000 yds. 75c best extra super, per yd	65c
400 yds. 65c Tapestry Carpets, for per yd	55c
1000 yds. 85c Tapestry Carpets, for per yd	75c
1000 yds. $1.25 Velvet Carpets, for per yd	$1.00
500 yds. Axminster Carpets, $1.25 quality, for per yd	$1.10

CHINA AND JAPAN MATTINGS AT REDUCED PRICES THIS WEEK.

15c grade for 12½c or	$4.85 piece.	40 yds to piece.
20c grade for 15c or	5.50	"
25c grade for 20c or	7.50	"
30c grade for 25c or	9.50	"
35c grade for 30c or	10.95	"

Special Notice—½ piece sold at same value as piece price.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

SATURDAY JUNE 24, ONLY

On the above date I will sell at big reductions all summer suits. I do not limit this sale to any particular kind or any few suits but include all MEN'S BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SUITS in the Store. Now will be your chance to get a good suit cheap and we will guarantee every suit in this sale the same as if you pay the regular price. If you never have bought a suit here try it and find out our guarantee.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

Feb. 6, 1905.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

OUR ANNUAL
Great Reduction Sale
BEGINS TO-DAY

Prices on all MENS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN'S SUITS have been

Reduced
ON AN AVERAGE OF
30 per cent.

Even immense lots go quickly at such reductions. There are many Suits in this SALE heavy enough for fall.

WM. MONHEIMER,
SMETHPORT.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

LOST

opportunities seldom present themselves again. If you have any Plumbing to be done, better send for us right away.

Good Plumbers

like us are in demand. So if you put that job of yours off we may be too busy to give it the prompt attention we can now. Come to-day? Sure.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

Printzess Cadets PRIZE PLAN-

?WHO? WILL? WIN?

The Beautiful Printzess Cadet Suit which goes to the Most Popular High School Girl in the Town.

To be decided by ballot—one vote going with every dollar's purchase in this store between June 16 and July 7. Purchasers in the Cloak Department will receive two ballots for each dollar. Now, rally round your favorite, let the votes come fast and furious. Polls close July 7, and its the early votes that count you know.

The New Printzess Cadets have the Snappiest Style you ever saw. Ideal for Outing and Vacation wear. Just the dash of difference that makes for "Distinction in Dress."

Come and see what we mean. First purchasers in Cloak Department get color poster suitable for den.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

HAYING TOOLS

The genuine Little Giant Scythe. The best made	90c
The Forest City Scythe. A good one for a little money	60c
A first quality Scythe Snath. None better	70c
Scythe Stones. We have three grades at	5c, 10c and 15c
Sections for all standard Mowing Machine, each	5c

We are agents for the Champion Hay Rakes. These we believe are the best horse rakes on the market. We have both the Iron and Wood Champion Hay Rakes in stock and are selling the wood for $21.00 and the iron for $22.00.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 22, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Vaudeville, Lyceum, June 30.

—Trainmen's ball to-morrow night.

—It will be legal to catch frogs July 1.

—The Olean races will be held during the week of July 4.

—Bell Brothers of Olean have an interesting ad to-day.

—Refined vaudeville at the Lyceum, Friday evening, June 30.

—Remember the supper and dance at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—The Camp glass factory will continue in operation, barring accidents, until July 1.

—Almost time for haying. Read Redfield's ad this week if in need of haying tools.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hyde, on Tuesday, June 20, an eleven-pound son.

—Read J. Colgrove's new ad concerning warm weather groceries which appears this week.

—Ladies will be particularly interested in the new line of waists advertised by Mrs. A. E. Hinman to-day.

—The MINER acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of the Edinboro Normal School, which are held from June 21 to 28, inclusive.

—Miss Daisy Ball of Hebron, Potter county, a student at the Mansfield Normal school, recently attempted to commit suicide by taking carbolic acid. Her life was saved by prompt medical attention. She is about 19 years of age, of nervous temperament and had been acting strangely for several days.

—According to the Enterprise a wholesale jail delivery was narrowly averted last week by information furnished the sheriff regarding plans of escape by an inmate of the prison.

—The Bradford Gun Club's two day shoot opened yesterday and many entries are present from all parts of the country. They will be pleasantly entertained by the Bradford marksmen.

—The Elite Vaudeville company, composed of Bradford semi-professional talent will give an exhibition at the Lyceum, Friday, June 30. Proceeds for the benefit of Smethport Hose Co.

—A social meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the chapel of the M. E. church at 3 p. m., Saturday, June 31. All are invited to attend. A program is arranged and refreshments will be served.

—Memorial services were held at the Baptist church, Sunday, under the auspices of the I. O. O. F. Rev. Day preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. The services were largely attended.

—J. M. VanGordon of Bolivar in company with Dan Bacon made one of the largest catches of trout of the season on Thursday. The combined "kill" of the fishermen numbered 60 fine trout which were taken from Robbins brook.

—John Nelson, the Bradford baseball player, is also a magician. Is he a wiz? Well, go and see what he can do at the benefit performance for Smethport Hose Company. Lyceum, June 30. Bradford's leading vaudeville artists, one night only.

—It is reported that one of the prisoners in the county jail makes a practice of filing or sawing the bars of his cage, and our informant also stated that extensive search had not unearthed the implements used. A close watch is kept on the suspected one's movements and his chances for sawing his way out are not very bright.

—Sheriff Stevens of Potter county was in town Monday enroute to the western penitentiary with four prisoners, convicted and sentenced at Coudersport last week.

—The graduation exercises of the class of 1905 of the Training School for Nurses occurs on Thursday afternoon, June 29, at Fitch Creche, Buffalo. Miss Rose Emily McCarthy of this place is one of the graduates.

—Miss Eva May Steele and John Lawrence Bayer, popular Port Allegany young people, were married in that town Wednesday of last week before a large assemblage of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Bayer have the best wishes of many Smethport friends.

—The weather would not permit the proposed game of baseball between the Hazelhurst and Smethport Odd Fellows at Kane Field last Friday. The visitors were entertained at the regular meeting of the lodge that evening and refreshments were served.

—"Noodles" Fagan, the newsboy orator of Buffalo, delivered an address at the M. E. church in Port Allegany Tuesday night. This young man has occupied the pulpits of nearly every church in and near Buffalo and it is said he draws unusually large crowds.

—Perry Ward Weaver, son of County Treasurer S. D. Weaver, graduated from the Bryant & Stratton business college of Buffalo on Thursday, June 15. He was one of a class of 60 scholars and had the honor of having the highest standing of any member of his class.

—League baseball game to-morrow afternoon at Kane Field, Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport. The game will be called at 3 o'clock and a big crowd should be on hand. The Mt. Jewett team is being constantly strengthened and can be depended upon to put up a good game.

—Last Thursday night Burt McAllister's appointment as chief of the Bradford Fire Department was turned down by the deadlock in the city council for the fourth time. But Burt continues to act as chief and it is understood his salary is being paid by popular subscription.

—Advices received from the houseboat, Tourist, say that the craft was in Salamanca on Saturday and the crew, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce, expected to arrive in Warren the same night, where they will stop for a visit. They report an enjoyable and successful trip from Olean.

—Frank Degan lives near the Rock Glycerine depot on the Lewis Run trolley line. On Monday, during the absence of the inmates of the Degan residence, the building was entered by thieves and money and goods stolen amounting in value to $60. There is no clue.—Era.

—C. Platts' Sons Cutlery Co. shut down Friday and the machinery is being taken up preparatory to moving it to Bradford. The new Eldred Cutlery Co. will begin moving in as fast as they can and the business will be continued with most of the old workmen of the Platts' company.—Eldred Eagle.

—Children's Day was fittingly observed at the M. E. church last Sunday and despite the extremely hot weather a large audience assembled. The exercises consisted of a program in which the Sunday School took part and the church was elaborately and tastily decorated for the occasion.

—An exchange tells of a young lady who was recently showered with cut glass. It was with a sigh of relief that we read on and discovered that she escaped injury. The young lady is about to be married and it was the society reporter's way of stating that she had been the recipient of a number of presents of cut glass ware.

—The editor of the Westfield Free Press says that a number of veterans of that place object to the use of the United States flag as a scarecrow by a farmer in the vicinity. Perhaps the point is well taken, but think of how successfully the flag has been used in keeping undesirable troops off Uncle Sam's preserves. No wonder the farmer gave it a trial.

—The exhibition game at Kane Field Saturday between the baseball teams of Smethport and Port Allegany had to be called off on account of wet grounds. A small crowd braved the threatening clouds and were compelled to seek the shelter of the grandstand when the heavy shower occurred about 3 p. m. Rain checks were issued good for the next game.

—In the bar-room of the Logan House at DuBois Monday night, James Chambers, proprietor of the house, son, William and a man named George Harvey, were shot by Brint Rowland, who entered the bar-room and on being refused a drink commenced shooting. After Rowland's revolver was empty he was set upon by an angry crowd and before he was rescued and locked up by the police was terribly beaten. The injured men will all recover.

—Last Friday and Saturday it was reported about town that Mrs. J. R. Shoemaker of Buffalo, formerly of Smethport, was dead. There was no such report sent from Buffalo, and although Mrs. Shoemaker is ill, there was positively no grounds for such a story. Just why a person will start a rumor of that kind is questionable. It may not be malicious, but it is a very serious matter about which to tell a falsehood. This is not the first time people have been reported dead before their time and it causes unnecessary sadness and inconvenience to many people.

F. J. Vickery's livery, back of D. C. Young's store, has new horses and carriages, is open day and night and has Bell 'phone. Prompt attention given to all business. Prices reasonable.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. T. F. Hungiville visited Kane Monday.

Leo L. Herzog visited friends in Bradford Sunday.

James McKean was a visitor in Bradford Monday.

Geo. W. Mitchell visited his father in Bolivar Tuesday.

Miss Stella Hinman is spending a few days in Hazelhurst.

A. P. Huey, Esq., of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Attorney John N. Apple had business in Mt. Jewett Monday.

Sandford L. Fry is purchasing goods in Rochester this week.

H. H. Hills of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Sheriff C. E. Mayo was transacting business in Bradford Monday.

W. G. Van Kuren of Roulette made a business trip to town Tuesday.

Jeoffrey Mayo is home from Cornell college for the summer vacation.

L. A. Bayor of Newerf made the MINER office a pleasant call Tuesday.

Sergt. E. Rex Gorton departed for the Norfolk, Va., navy yard on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughter, Harriet, visited Eldred Sunday.

Attorney John Mullin of Bradford was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Wm. Provin, Jr., of Bolivar was a guest of friends in town the first of the week.

Clias. E. McCoy returned from Cornell College, Ithaca, N. Y., Monday evening.

John Nelson and Lewis Emery, 3rd, were over from Bradford on business Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Bing Chadwick left for Buffalo Monday to attend the Shriners' meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Backus of Olean were visiting in town the latter part of last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Jerome Heath of Cleveland, Ohio, are guests of E. E. Heath and family.

Horace King of East Smethport is home from Bucknell college for his summer vacation.

Mrs. W. G. Van Kuren of Roulette was the guest of Mrs. A. E. Hinman and family over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Anderson and children of Colegrove were calling on friends in town Sunday.

Misses Orra Helmer and Iva LeValley of Port Allegany visited friends in town from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. S. D. Weaver came over from Smethport on Saturday and joined the campers on the Kinzua.—Kane Republican.

Miss Eva Hopper went to Belmont, N. Y., Tuesday to attend the High School commencement exercises in that place.

Murl Backus of Oneonta, N. Y., was called to Smethport last Friday to attend the funeral of his brother, Geo. A. Backus.

Mrs. Nellie Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., and Mrs. Lucy Seger of New York City are guests of their mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Miss Alice Foster, who has been attending the Olney School in Washington, D. C., for the past eight months, is home for her summer vacation.

Miss DeFarra Heath of Cleveland, Ohio, visited relatives in town Tuesday and yesterday departed for her home accompanied by her cousin, Miss Maude Hearth.

LYCEUM THEATRE
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Friday June 30, 1905.

Refined Vaudeville
BENEFIT OF
SMETHPORT HOSE CO.

HAZEL CHAPMAN
LEWIS EMERY
Musical Melange.

EDITH DEVINE
Songs.

HORRIGAN
Jew Monologue.

JOHN NELSON
Magician.

MRS. PETITT-DEGOLIER
Rag-time Pianist.

WILL O'DAY
Illustrated Songs.

TOMMY EVERHAN
Fantastic Jig Dancer.

Prices 25c, 35 and 50c.

Reserved seats on sale at Wells Drug Store Monday, June 26.

FRY & COMES.

Parasols--Priced Astonishingly Low

Never in any former year have parasols been more in favor than now—Rightfully so you'll say when you see the beauties the season has brought out.

They are the product of one of the foremost parasol makers in the land—strongly made and exceedingly graceful. There's variety to—such that we are sure your notion of parasol beauty will find expression here. With the sunshade weather all ahead this sale from economy standpoint is very important.

We are ready to quit for this season—If you are thinking of a parasol buy it now.

1.50 Parasols special at $1.00		4.00 Parasols Special at $2.75	
2.25 " " " $1.50		4.50 " " " $3.00	
3.75 " " " $2.25		6.00 " " " $3.90	

Shirt Waist Bargains

25c 50c 75c

Three special lots of waists will go at very small prices this week.

We've marked them at about half the usual prices.

They're odd lots:—some slightly soiled, all real bargains.

FRY & COMES

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 to $2.00.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Pat. March 16 and Nov. 9, 1897. Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897, and Jan. 25, 1900.

Bug Death!

A most excellent plant food.

Sure death to Potato, Squash and Cucumber bugs, Currant, Gooseberry, Tomato worms, etc.

PREVENTS BLIGHT

For rose bushes, house plants grape vines and all shrubs it has no equal.

Harmless to animals. Safe to handle.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE
DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Graduation Presents
and
Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.
Bell Phone 473.

A Job In the Senate Chamber

By Frank H. Sweet

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

She went up the middle steps and turned around the corner to the right. A long line was extending back from the door; expectant, impatient, though the visitors' gallery would not be open to the public until 12. She drew from her belt the one remaining link of former opulence. It still lacked ten minutes, and she slipped the watch back with a scarcely breathed sigh. Why had she come here at all, she thought seemingly? She would be better visiting the stores in search of a position as clerk; there were surely some business houses she had not yet been in. And—and besides—

Her eyes were brighter, and a flush came and descended to her lips in a soft, evanescent smile that was more like the smile of the old days before the wistfulness came.

She had been standing at the post-office door, and he had looked precisely as he had that day when he parted from them in the Arizona canyon, he a penniless prospector and her father an extensive mine owner. And he had not forgotten. Even before she saw him he had sprung from a carriage, without regard to his horses, and was coming up the postoffice steps with outstretched hands.

"Good heavens! You here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton," he had cried, with a gladness in his voice which he did not attempt to conceal and which brought an answering color to her face and light to her eyes. There had been nothing between them except a look and hand pressure, but she had often thought of him in these later dreary years and was glad to know he had remembered her. "I looked for you everywhere—everywhere," he had continued, "but without a clew. I was afraid you had gone from my life. But pardon me; we cannot talk here, and I have a great deal to say. May I call on you at once this evening? Is your father here?"

"My father is dead," she had managed to say. Her death had been in a whirl; her heart in a tumult. What did it all mean? What was this impetuous man saying, implying? By a strong effort she had controlled herself.

"Yes, you may call," she had answered in a low voice. "I—I will be glad to see you." And she had given him the number of the house in which she rented one small room.

"Thank you. I will be there early. I would ask to go back with you now, but I have an appointment which is already overdue; isn't it providential, though, this meeting? I have been in Washington only three days, and to turn up against you like this!"

"Have you employment here?" she had asked for want of something better to say.

"Yes, temporarily; a job in the senate chamber. You remember I was a jack-of-all-trades, from a farm boy to an impecunious prospector, with occasional dabs at fresco painting and journalism to help me through college. But I will not detain you here in the wind any longer."

She had watched him spring into the carriage and drive away, an odd light in her eyes and a warm color in her cheeks. As she went down the sidewalk she laughed softly. Eight years before she would not have been like this. Evidently he was without any regular employment, just doing some temporary work in the senate chamber—fresco painting probably, for he had spoken of being familiar with that. At first, from his being in the carriage holding the horses, she had thought he might be a coachman, waiting for his employer's return. But, after all, what did it matter? Coachman or painter or impecunious prospector, he was warm hearted and honest and ambitious. She could read that in his eyes and in the strong, full grasp of his hands. And he had remembered her and—and cared for her. It was beautiful to know that in the hurrying, indifferent world there was one who still thought of her and cared for her a little. The manner or lack of employment was such a small matter compared with that. Knowledge of life soon leveled such petty distinctions.

Almost unconsciously her steps had turned toward the capitol. The only alternative seemed a continuation of her search for employment, and, somehow, she shrank from that just now, even though she had been restricting herself to a single meal a day for a week. She would celebrate the finding of a friend. It was opening day at the senate chamber and would be unusually interesting, and perhaps she might see this friend himself or some of the work he had been doing.

There was a sudden stir in the line ahead of her, and she felt herself being pushed forward. The door was open at last, and foot by foot, yard by yard, she was being impelled toward it. But when she entered every seat was taken, and she could only crowd herself into the narrow space behind the last row. She could see the chaplain and a few of the senators on the far side of the chamber and upon the few desks in sight a gorgeous display of flowers.

Presently she heard the opening prayer and bowed her head. Then there was a confusion of voices, with quick, crisp sentences from one desk and another, followed by a short recess in which there was a great shaking of hands and introductions among the senators. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes some of those in the visitors' gallery began to rise and leave. They had witnessed the opening and were now going home to lunch. Soon she was able to step down to a vacant seat in one of the front rows.

She had now a good view of the chamber, and her gaze swept curiously from desk to desk. Many of the senators she recognized from pictures she had seen in current periodicals. Suddenly she started and half arose. She had not thought to see him down there; if she met him at all it would be in one of the corridors, and probably at work. Yet there he was, at one of the desks, examining some papers. What did it mean? He had no right to be in there now, while the senate was in session.

An hour later she descended to the next floor, still dazed and wondering. As she left the elevator she met him face to face.

"What! you here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton?" he cried. "This is splendid! Now we can have that talk without waiting until evening. I know a cozy little table down in a corner of the cafe where we can be all by ourselves. We will talk while we eat our lunch. Come."

She was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Why were you in there at a desk?" she demanded.

"In the senate chamber? Oh, that's my job. You see, when I left you that day I went straight to one of the new towns and opened a law office. My father was a lawyer, and I had studied with him. Somehow the people seemed to like my ways, and last year they hatched up a plot to send me here. But come, we can talk better at the table. I have a proposition for your consideration, also," his voice suddenly becoming grave. "I hope you will be able to see your way to accede to it. Come."

And she, after a moment's bewildered, ecstatic hesitation, went.

An Animal Cemetery.

In spite of much agitation upon the subject at various times, lovers of animals have never succeeded in establishing in this country a cemetery as elaborate as those in several European capitals.

The largest and most beautiful animal cemetery is La Necropole Zoologique, in Paris, or rather, in the suburb of Asnieres. Here a large plot of ground is laid out for the interment of dogs and other animals, and here are erected monuments in every way as handsome as those over the graves of human beings in other cities of the dead.

Some famous dogs have sculptures to mark their memories, and dog kennels in marble are favorite vaults. For $2.50 a grave is leased for three years, and this fee includes the services of a dog undertaker, uniformed and mounted on a tricycle. For $100 a grave may be leased in perpetuity, and between these extremes may be found prices to suit all purposes. The cemetery occupies an entire island in the Seine, and, apart from the rental of graves, the company owning the property makes a handsome profit out of the sale of admission tickets to visitors.

The Race He Won.

In the old whaling days a New Bedford captain fell in with a lot of his "townies" in the Pacific, says the Chicago Record-Herald, and after a landing for water on the coast of South America, began a boat race off shore toward the ships. The old skipper kept muttering to his crew to take it easy. The others jeered him as he fell behind, but he took it cheerfully.

"The race I'm after is the race home," he said. He pointed to a little blight in the rocks into which the crew could just see.

"Ever see that rock in there before?" he asked. "No, I guess not. That's a cow whale and her calf up there on the shore. It's her nursery."

When the others were far enough away to give him a clear field he made for the shore. He got the cow and the calf. The others said very little about the race he did not win, for he was the first man back to New Bedford.

Ups and Downs of Santa Cruz.

Probably no other of the West Indian islands has had such a checkered career as Santa Cruz. In turn it has belonged to Spain, which abandoned it; to England and Holland jointly; to England alone; to Spain again, which fell upon the colonists and destroyed or deported them all; to France, which took it from Spain; to the Knights of Malta, who received it as a gift from France; to a private company of adventurers. Then it was resumed possession of by France, but abandoned, so that in 1720 it was uninhabited. Then it became a no man's land until 1727, when France took it again, and presently sold it to a Danish company, which sold it in turn to the king of Denmark. In 1801 England took it once more, gave it back to Denmark, repented and took it away again in a few months, held it for eight years, and then returned it to Denmark, which holds it still.

Plucky Oglethorpe.

Of General Oglethorpe, the founder of the state of Georgia, Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, relates this story: "When a very young man, only fifteen, serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting at table in company with a prince of the house of Wurttemberg, who took up a glass of wine and by a flip made some of it fly into Oglethorpe's face. The young soldier was in a dilemma. He durst not challenge so distinguished a personage, yet he must notice the affront. Therefore, keeping his eye fixed on his highness and smiling at the time, as if he took what had been done in jest, Oglethorpe exclaimed, 'That's a good joke, but we do it much better in England.' Whereupon he flung a whole glassful of wine in the prince's face. The affair ended in good humor."

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day!

EARLY DIAMOND BUYING.

South Africa's First Finds Were Paid For in Cows.

South Africa's first diamonds were paid for in cows. The story is told by Joseph B. Robinson, one of the wealthy pioneers of that country. In 1869 he gave eight oxen and a wagon loaded with sugar and tobacco to a native in exchange for a twenty-three carat gem. The news spread like wildfire through the countryside that a white man was giving away wagons and oxen for bits of stone," he says. "I set all the natives who came to work to seek for diamonds on one side of the Vaal river, and I brought up my own fifty men to hunt for diamonds among the bushes and scrub on the other side of the stream. I had bought the land on both sides of the river, so that I was working on my own property. Next morning at sunrise, when I was having my coffee, I was startled by a loud hullabalooing, and, looking out, I saw the whole gang of my men rushing toward me in a state of wild excitement.

"One of them had found a diamond of good size. They all had come to see what I would do with it. 'What will you give me for it?' said the finder. 'I will give you ten cows,' I replied and sent the man into the herd to take his pick. He marked ten of the best cows as his own. The men had never dreamed of making such a bargain. Ten cows for a bit of stone! Off they went again and found diamonds every day. They became rich, and I accumulated a good store of precious stones.

"After we had accumulated a large quantity we decided we would better send them to London. We made a belt full of small pockets, in each of which we placed a diamond. When the belt was filled my partner girded it about his body and started for Cape Town. He never took off the belt until he reached London. And it was in this way the first consignment of African diamonds reached London."

APACHE SHREWDNESS.

The Indian's Bait Was Good, but the White Man Didn't "Bite."

With the Apaches a really brave man does not stand as high in their estimation as does a clever thief. His chief excellence from an Apache standpoint lies in his ability to outwit the white man, says Mr. Cremony, the author of "Life Among the Apaches."

I was sitting, says Mr. Cremony, in front of my tent, writing a letter, when a young Apache came up and asked what I was doing. I replied I was talking to my friend in Washington.

"How can you talk to your friend so far away?"

"When an Apache wishes to talk of speed to a distant friend," I answered, "he sends him a picture of a bird; if he talks of something sweet he sends a picture of a flower. Instead of pictures the white man has these little signs which all understand."

The Indian took up the letter and scrutinized it carefully.

"I do not believe you," he said. "You try to make a fool of me. These little signs are all alike."

"I will give you proof. I will write on this little piece of paper that the sutler is to give you some tobacco. Go take it to the store and see if I do not speak the truth."

The Indian snatched the paper and was off. A few minutes later I saw him slowly coming toward me, a piece of tobacco in his hand and a look of bewilderment on his face. Suddenly his expression changed to satisfaction, and he hurried forward.

"Did you get the tobacco?" I asked.

"Yes, but I do not believe you. You and he had all understanding before so that you might deceive me. Now if you will write some more of those little signs on paper telling the sutler to give me much more tobacco and if he does then I will believe you."

But the Indian's ruse failed. I did not "rise" to the occasion.

Walnuts and Butternuts.

The city boy on a visit to the country is often puzzled in trying to distinguish black walnuts and butternuts in the green state. The leaves are almost alike, being compound and having a variable number of leaflets arranged on a long stem. The butternut stem has from nine to seventeen leaflets, and the black walnut from fifteen to twenty-three. The teeth on the latter are larger and sharper than those on the butternut and lack the fuzzy stem, but the real distinguishing feature is the odor. Having once smelled the crushed leaves of a butternut and a black walnut, a person can never fail to know them there after.—St. Nicholas.

His Own Self.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.—Emerson.

Absolutely Necessary.

Nan—I don't see why Miss Mugley should want to marry him with all her money. Dick—I guess she had to. I don't believe he'd have taken her without it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Best Way.

Barber—Shall I take a little of the ends of your hair off, sir? Customer—Yes, I think you had better take it off at the ends unless you can get it out of the middle.—New Yorker.

The very curse of an evil deed is that it must always continue to engender evil.—Schiller.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

THE ANCIENT ZORA.

It Was the First Corset and Was Used in Cleopatra's Time.

It was back in Cleopatra's time that the corset was first thought of. Who knows but perhaps the dusky beauty of the Nile thought to hold Mark Antony's fickle fancy longer could she add some new charm to her face or figure?

Anyway, it was then that the embryo corset first appeared in the shape of a stiffened linen girdle called a "zora." Sometimes it was worn outside the tunic, lightly laced and much jewelled.

Then fashion wearied of the "zora," and for twelve centuries the corset languished.

The Greeks and Romans next held sway and beauty unadorned was good enough for them.

In the sixteenth century along came Catherine de Medici, that energetic lady who meddled in everything, from empires to hairpins, and she revived the corset with a vengeance.

She not only wore it herself, but also issued an edict that all women of birth and breeding should wear corsets which should reduce their waist measures to thirteen inches.

This corset was called a "corps" and was stiffened in every possible manner. In this the body was pinched and forced, while over the "corps" was clasped a perfectly fitting corset cover, constructed of thin plates of steel, fashioned in two pieces and opening on a hinge.

This instrument of torture lasted until the early part of the seventeenth century, when more pliable materials were adopted.

Beautifully quilted satin bodices replaced Catherine's invention.

The next change in the corset's history took place in the early part of the eighteenth century, when leather stiffened with whalebone came into use.

Since then it has gone on steadily improving until today for every type of woman there is a specially adapted corset.—New York American.

SOURCES OF COLORS.

Blue black is the charcoal of the vine stalk.

Raw sienna is the natural earth near Sienna, Italy.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

Turkey red is the madder plant, which grows in Hindustan.

Prussian blue is made with impure potassium carbonate. This most useful discovery was accidental.

Cochineal insects furnish many of our most gorgeous colors—carmine, scarlet, crimson and purple.

India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this and will not reveal its secret.

Cuttlefish give us sepia, which is nothing more nor less than the inky fluid which the fish discharges to render the water black when it is attacked.

Hiding Their Spears.

An explorer in the backwoods of Australia tells how some timber cutters took big risks: "I had given instructions to the men in the bush that on no account were they to lay aside their firearms," he says. "After having been absent for a short time I returned and found that they had slung their revolvers and carbines on a small tree and were working at about fifty yards from them. I can tell you they heard of it. The natives have a playful habit of dragging their spears through the grass with their toes and all the while looking as innocent as it is possible for them to look. If the natives had only thought of it they might have given the cutters a warm time."

Lurking Danger.

A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting season consulted with a botanical friend. The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises:

"Trespassers take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for, although common snakes are not often found, the Corylus avellana abounds everywhere about here and never gives warning of its presence."

The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop in peace.

A Roomy Hotel.

A story is being told in Athens of an American woman who visited Greece on a cruise of the Mediterranean. When she entered the train at the Piraeus in order to reach the city she was observed by a fellow traveler to be visibly disturbed and was asked to explain the reason for her distress. "Oh," she replied, "I've been wondering what we shall do. I hear we shan't be able to get rooms at the Acropolis, and I don't know the name of any other hotel!"

Heroic Surgery.

When the Medical and Chirurgical society of London was founded in 1805 the barber-surgeon was still more or less tolerated. At one of its early meetings one Dr. Wandrop advocated the "excellent custom" of bleeding patients till they fainted, so that they might be the subject of surgical operation while in an insensible condition.

If Rained.

When a high falutin editor is in a hurry he doesn't waste words by saying, "It rained." He simply writes, "After many days of arid desiccation the vaporing captains marshaled their thundering hosts and poured out upon scorching humanity and the thoroughly indicated vegetation a few inches of aqua pluvialis."

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect. After taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Maison, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKee, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell; Smethport.
Recorder—H. McCleare, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. L. Walsh, Smethport.
Comm'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hughers, Jas. McKean, A. A. Addis, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constables—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y, W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Church, A. H. Ridder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swinson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

CHAS. BUSH, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 327, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday after on at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Dacklo block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. church.

Mrs. JANE M. PIERCE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday, at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania Railroad

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 152, week days 10:10 a. m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 198, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottaville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:35 p. m., New York 9:10 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:38 a. m., New York 7:18 a. m. Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:33 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:51 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:45 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:25 a. m. and Washington 8:10 a. m. Vestibuled sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M.		Ar P. M.
9:20	Ridgway	11:50
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
9:54	Glen Hazel	11:15
10:07	Brandt	11:00
10:12	Instanter	10:54
10:20	Sergeant Run	10:52
10:29	Wardville	10:45
10:35	Glenmont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:50 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. way 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Rest Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Vice-President and General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Timetable in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Rushpoint Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 a. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	8:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:30	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:30	11:20	5:06
Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 9:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. R. R. and at Kane with P. & A. B. Camp Ella.

R. S. BUILDER, Gen. Supt. Bradford. Gen. Pass. Agt.

Lehigh Valley, Sayre & Northern R. R.

In effect Jan. 15, 1905.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

Time to Erie—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 8:20 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:20 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:30 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:30 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:30 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:40—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 6:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt, St. Marys, Pa. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward				Lv	Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.15	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	3.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell		7.37	3.32	9.10
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter		0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc		7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield		7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.4
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.45	9.4
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's		8.01	3.06	10.0
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Prinks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.		8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.25
0	2	12.13	Hammond		0	0	1.23
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.32
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.10	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Ft. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER togeather one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

A full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

A VARIATION

By...
ROBERT JERMAIN COLE.

Copyright, 1905, by Robert Jermain Cole.

"Men are such monotonous creatures. They march together like that always." The girl waved her hand lightly toward a file of militia that paraded down Fifth avenue. Her companion did not answer immediately.

"You must reduce your complaint to specific charges, Miss Breen," said the young lawyer at length. "What, for example, renders man so tiresome to you?"

"I'm sure I don't know what makes him so. I only know that he is," returned the girl. "He—I mean they—all wear forever the same kind of clothes, walk with the same stride, stick to the same amusements"—

"Are true to the same friends," finished her listener for her, "and, worst of all, persist in expressing admiration for the same girl in the same words. You must find it monotonous."

"Don't be personal, Mr. Roscommon," protested his companion, with a blush.

"I am discussing fact, and that is always personal," replied the man. "It is true, isn't it?" Roscommon had a quiet habit of persistence. He did not talk much, but what he did say was apt to start his companion into a frantic garrulity of self defense.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl. "You certainly would not accuse me of bragging about the number of my admirers. I was only speaking in a general way."

Roscommon was silent, and the girl went on:

"I refuse to testify against myself, but you must give me credit for knowing a few other women. Besides, I have read the novels written by creatures of your own sex. They ought to say a good word for the ingenuity of men, yet their heroes all make love in precisely the same way."

They turned as they walked into Fifty-seventh street, where Miss Breen had lived with her aunt since her father's death. She had always gone with a rather gay set, but a few months after she came out her father had lost most of his money. For the last three years they had lived in modest but exceedingly quiet, inexpensive, although they were able to do a little entertaining.

"AND YOU HAVEN'T ONCE SAID 'I LOVE YOU,'" SHE EXCLAIMED.

Her lordliness of speech and manner, a trifle defiant, masked a hurt pride. She won followers easily among the men—too easily to suit her high spirit. They gave her flattery in plenty, which comforted her as little as gold offered to a starving woman. She was all heart and had almost no vanity. When her father died she was hungry for some one to lavish her affections upon. Yet no one had divined this. The impression had gone about that she would marry anybody for money. She hated poverty, but she hated a lie still worse.

When they entered the house she took off her hat and stood a moment beside a table.

"You may sit down," she said condescendingly to Roscommon. "I shall stand up awhile. You haven't made me tired yet."

"If you were one of these unvarying men how would you propose to a girl?" asked the young man gravely. Miss Breen promptly sat down. After she had rested and meditated for half a minute, she answered:

"It would depend on the girl. That's the very point. Instead of having a formula, such as you men hand down from father to son, I should study the nature of the woman and find words to appeal to her and to her alone. If she loved flowers, I'd spend my last dime on a rose. They say a battle was lost once for want of a horseshoe. More women's hearts are lost for want of a chocolate drop than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

"I have no philosophy that will fit the race of women," corrected the lawyer.

"I'm glad to hear you admit your ignorance!" laughed Miss Breen.

"I did not say I was ignorant. I merely said I had no theories," observed Roscommon.

"Very well, here is a fact for you. I know a man that told a girl of his ambition to be a painter. Then he asked her to marry him. Now, this girl didn't care a hairpin for art, and the only idea she had about it was that artists were always poor and shabby. She was just ready to fall in love with him, and if she had it wouldn't have mattered what he did or a thing. If the only had sense enough to tell her how prettily her hair shone in the lamplight he wouldn't be a soup old bachelor now, and she"—

"It looks just as well in the daylight," remarked Roscommon, addressing the mirror behind Madge.

"I hope the subject doesn't bore you, Miss Breen," he went on, "but you have made an impossible condition. You say a man should know the girl. That is well if he can. But now suppose the one thing he knows about her is that he wants to know more. Perhaps the very mystery of her nature attracts him."

"Then let him surprise her into some revelation of herself."

They were silent for a long time after this. The short winter day was almost gone. They could yet see each other through the twilight.

"Miss Breen, did you ever hear that I was a millionaire?" The question came from Roscommon with startling suddenness. His tone was harsh and had a ring of self satisfaction in it. Madge Breen turned impulsively and then looked away, but not before he was aware of the hurt, disappointed expression in her wide open eyes.

"No, and I hate you for telling me now," she flashed.

"I did not tell you. I only asked a question." The harshness was all gone from his tone. For the first time that afternoon Roscommon's voice grew tender. He leaned toward his companion and said:

"They told me you cared only for money—that you had no heart. I knew they lied, but I wanted you to prove it to me. You have shown me the girl I have been waiting to see. You have taught me the way to win her. I am not rich, Madge, and if I were I should never dream that money could buy you. You say that all men are alike. All but one, you mean. The man you love will be transfigured. I ask you to be my wife, dear, not because of what I can give you, but because of what I can take. A man with any other ambition would not have room to keep the treasure of your love. You can do what you will with me. The only thing I shall insist of is a boundless capacity for being loved. Do you want such a man?"

"And you haven't once said 'I love you,'" she exclaimed with a touch of amusement in her voice. "That is a slight variation from the usual form. Do you suspect I shall do it all?"

"You would have to try me to find out, no matter what I might say," replied Roscommon.

"Well," she breathed softly and then paused. He rose and walked to her chair and waited, with his head bent toward hers.

"Please," she whispered, "if you don't love me never let me find it out."

A Discreet Servant.

A certain duke was dining in full kilt dress at a highland anniversary dinner, his piper, standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to one of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner the snuffbox could not be discovered anywhere. A search was made, but with no result, the duke being especially anxious about it.

On the next anniversary he again donned the kilt—which he had not worn in the interval—for the annual dinner. As he was dressing he happened to put his hand in his sporran and there, to his astonishment, found the box which had been lost at the last year's dinner. He turned to his piper and said:

"Why, this is the snuffbox we were all looking for. Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?"

"Yes, your grace."

"Then why did you not tell me?" demanded the duke.

"Because I thought your grace required the little matter kept quiet," respounded the piper, with a knowing wink.

Unconsciously Funny Ads.

"Humor," says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be. I frankly enjoy his laughterless and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pieces," writes he, or "Try our patent lamp chimney and save half your light," or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad. writer play the wall flower in society." And, good luck, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements. Indeed I dare say Mr. Crothers himself would be proud to fellowship with such a one and "frankly enjoy his imperfections," though methinks he would perhaps reserve the right to order his own affairs without assistance from so devious and humorless an intellect.—Atlantic.

Nutmeg Tree and Fruit.

"The nutmeg tree begins to bear at the age of ten years," said a gardener. "It keeps on bearing until it is ninety. The fruit resembles an apricot, and when the fruit is ripe it bursts open, showing at its heart the black nutmeg inclosed in a network of scarlet.

"The nutmeg, after plucking, must be dried. It is dried over a slow fire, and the process is tedious. It often occupies two months.

"Before shipping the nutmegs are always steeped in sea water and lime. This is to protect them from insects. They have nothing but insects to fear. In an insect proof condition they keep—well, they keep practically forever."—New Haven Register.

SYDNEY SMITH.

As a Country Parson and as a Peace-making Magistrate.

For twenty years Sydney Smith remained in Yorkshire, and, though his duties of clerical duty were not those of today, yet it will not be denied that he was a zealous country parson, entering into the pursuits and the daily life of his humble neighbors and doing his utmost to improve their lot. His observations of his life and surroundings at Foston are among the most delightful of his humorous writings. Every one has heard of Annie Kay, the little country girl, "made like a milestone," who, christened Bunch, became the best butler in the county; of the ne'er-to-be-mounted riding horse Calamity, which flung me over his head into a neighboring parish as if I had been a shuttlecock, and I feel grateful that it was not into a neighboring planet;" of the ancient green chariot named the Immortal, at which the village boys cheered and the village dogs barked; of his four draft oxen—Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl—of which "Tug and Lug took to plowing and required buckets of oil volatile and Haul and Crawl to lie down in the mud." As a magistrate Sydney Smith became famous for making up local quarrels and for dealing gently with poachers. The game laws, like a good Whig, he could not abide and it stirred his honest wrath to reflect that "for every ten pheasants which littered in the wood one English peasant was rotting in jail." Like Charles Kingsley at Eversley in after years, he refrained from shooting. "If you shoot," he said, "the squire and the poacher will both consider you as their natural enemies, and I thought it more clerical to be at peace with both."—Roy. Canon Vaughan in Longman's Magazine.

BORN FOR A LAWYER.

Why His Mother Recommended Him to Colonel Ingersoll.

Among the stories which Colonel Bob Ingersoll delighted to tell was the following, says the writer of "Anecdotes Most Popular Men":

While studying law with a firm out west the young man's mother called in the office one day. He was interrupted by the entrance of a tiny, sharp featured woman, who, without introduction, walked up to the table, rapped it smartly with her umbrella and said:

"Sir, are the lawyers?" She began.

On being informed to the contrary she went on to say that she had brought her boy there to study law for the purpose of making him one of the lawyers of the land. She was morally certain, she said, that if he was born lawyer and that all he needed was a chance.

"But, madam," objected the colonel, he is entirely too young to begin the study of law."

"Too young, indeed!" snifted the fond mother contemptuously. "You don't know Jim. He was born for a lawyer."

Much amused, the colonel asked her on what grounds she based her hopes of a future at the bar for her darling child.

"Why," said she, "when he was only seven years old he struck work, and he wouldn't do another lick if he got killed for it. When he was eight he got sassy and put on more airs than a prize horse at a country fair, and now, Lor' bless me, he just freezes on to everything he can lay his hands on."

The First English Lighthouse.

It is to the Romans, who left so many marks of their presence in England, that Britons owe the first light house. This was, and is still, the Pharos watch tower to the south of the keep of Dover castle. This is remarkable as the only remaining specimen of Roman work in the castle and as the earliest piece of regular masonry now existing in Great Britain. It consists of a casing of flints and tufa with bonding courses of large Roman tiles filled with smaller stones. Its shape is octagonal outside, but square inside, the inner room measuring fourteen feet and the walls being ten feet thick. Repaired again and again, it was used at one time as a government storehouse.—London Chronicle.

Keep Serene.

When you come to think of it, most of us do have a hard time keeping ourselves in order, temper, nerves, selfishness and longings, ambitions and desires all insisting to have a hearing, and down steps wisdom and orders control. Of course there are the cool headed, intellectual people to whom self sacrifice means nothing, and little they know of the fight of the other passionate half. Ill health and discontent are the fruits of the battle. Keep serene, say, "I shall control myself and be a cheerful philosopher," and all will go well.

Mutual Concession.

Fred—So you are really going to marry that young widow, eh? Joe—Yes. Fred—She tells me you have promised to give up smoking. Joe—Yes; sort of mutual sacrifice, as it were. She agreed to give up her weeds if I would give up mine.

Consolation.

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as soothing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river—"You will find ground at the bottom, my dear."

The Best He Had.

"Is this the best claret, Murphy?" asked the Irishman of his butler. "It is not, sorr," was the answer, "but it's the best ye've got."—London Outlook.

—Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which submits.—Blessington.

NOW OR NEVER.

By...
Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Copyright, 1905, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Billy Wharton's coming did not surprise Joe in the least. She had known something out of the common was going to happen ever since Saturday, when she had seen the new moon clear, had a black cat follow her home and, then dreamed of getting safe across a clear running stream. All these were omens of good luck. It was the best sort of luck to have a boarder in the big front room upstairs, a gentleman evidently craving quiet, solitude and country fare. Mrs. Greer, Joe's stepmother, had been set against boarders. She would have none of them even yet—but for that dreadful doctor's bill. She had been at death's door last winter, her first real illness. Though the doctor was in no hurry for his fee, her independence chafed mightily against having him wait.

Therefore Joe had had no new summer frocks. Therefore also she was not going to picnics and parties and things—anywhere, indeed, but to church, where the wearing of old clothes might be regarded as a sign of piety rather than poverty. The board money would change all that. In fancy Joe saw herself brave in new winter finery, holding up her head with the best. Her head had not really been drooped, for she was by nature spirited and full of fun. But the stepmother was a little morbid on the point of Joe's looks. In fact, it might be said, she neglected the girl, who, it was well known, she did not love. Still they had got on fairly together until the epoch of Ransom Farley.

It was Mrs. Greer's nephew and prospective heir, hence it seemed to him fair, right and natural that he should marry Joe, who held a mortgage on the firm. Mrs. Greer had fetched her husband and his daughter home with her to live, and the Greer estate had been turned into cash and used to free the homestead from sundry incumbrances. Thus common interest had kept the two women together after Squire Greer died. Ransom thought it beautifully fit that they should go on living together and letting him take care of them. At least that was his way of saying it. Joe suspected that the caretaking would be all the other way. She had hated Ransom as a pink and white curly haired, model child. She did not hate him less now that, although his curls were cropped and his complexion was somewhat tanned, he still held himself to the model standard.

Joe was slim and dusky—lithe as a sapling, with floss silk hair and eyes outflashing black diamonds. Wild roses blushed in her olive cheeks, her lips were cherry red and her voice full of flute notes. Billy Wharton had a weakness for pretty girls. He made love to all fate threw in his way. Naturally he made love to Joe. Naturally also he made her love him. He was the man of her dreams, in every way the opposite of Ransom and very unlike any of the farmer lads or callow city youngsters with whom she had been brought in contact. But because she loved Billy with heart and soul and strength she flouted him, laughed at him, made a pretense of quarreling and so kept him puzzled as to her frame of mind. Puzzling over a very pretty girl is bad for the affections if the puzzler wishes to escape free, but Billy did not know that in time. He felt all a man might to read this maiden riddle. He had been quite fair, he thought—had told her in the outset he couldn't afford to marry until he was gray and bald.

"I've nothing in the world now but myself," he had said. "And, though space rates give a decentish living for one, it's little short of criminal undertaking to make them furnish rations for two." Then straightway he had made Joe gukle him to the deepest pool of the trout brook and stay with him at the stream side all through a summer morning. In course of the talk there she had somehow gathered that a long time ahead—when certain lives and leases lapsed Billy would have a snug maintenance. Possibly the information had its weight. Possibly also it went over her head. Certainly, when in the sixth week of Billy's stay at the farmhouse Ransom was pleased to grow furiously jealous of him, Joe decided something must be done—and did it.

"Did you know there was a wedding coming off Sunday?" she asked of Billy Thursday at noon. Billy pulled out pencil and notebook, putting on his most professional air as he asked:

"Will you give me the names of the victims, please, Miss Greer? Also any other particulars of interest?"

"No! Go ask the preacher," Joe said, smiling mysteriously.

Billy went, but came back more than ever mystified. "The wedding is a fact," he said, "but a solitary fact. Brother Jones knows no more than we do—only that he has been asked to hold himself in readiness at the close of the morning service. Furthermore, he says you asked him. Confess, young lady. You are getting up a fine hoax."

"See if I am," Joe retorted, her head higher than common. She ran off almost instantly and was well nigh unapproachable throughout the next two days. But Saturday evening she walked with Billy all up and down the yard, the moon shedding silver flecks upon them, the roses in the garden filling the air with perfume. As they walked Billy held her hand, and insensibly, it seemed, she drooped toward him. Neither said very much. As the clock struck 10 Joe drew away from him with a little shudder, saying very low, "Maybe this is our last walk together."

But Billy, quite beyond prudence, flung his arms about her and kissed her full on the mouth, saying thickly, "It shall not be—I want you—always."

He slept little that night, but fell into a heavy doze at daylight. It lasted until it was almost time for church. The sight of her set his heart beating madly. She was all in white, bridelike indeed, with a knot of pale roses nodding on her breast. By their rising and falling he knew she was strangely stirred, yet when she motioned him to follow and sit beside her he obeyed, although Ransom Farley, whom he cordially disliked, was at her other elbow. All through the service she sat statue still, notwithstanding he felt the tension of her mood increase. After the prayer and the closing hymn there was a general stir of people half rising or craning their necks to see who might be going up to the altar.

"I'm going to marry—somebody. Which shall it be?" Joe breathed rather than whispered in Billy's ear, glancing alternately at him and at Farley. He understood. With almost a bound he was up and in the aisle, holding her hand tight and almost dragging her forward. And then before he knew what was happening he heard the solemn, "I pronounce you man and wife."

The church buzzed like a hive, but through the buzzing Billy heard Farley Ransom shrieking hysterically: "I'll make you sorry for this, sir, before you are much older."

Joe looked up at him, flushing a lovely scarlet. "It was the only way," she said. "I had to marry you now. You never would have come back."

Forming Characters.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness not only of the present but every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Every sphere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying that men form the characters of their companions for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both, and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of our fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primary formations and in their successive strata of thought and life.—Elihu Burritt.

Hunting Foxes With Eagles.

The hunting of foxes with eagles takes place among the Kirghese in the southwest district of Siberia in the autumn and early winter, when the foxes' coats are ruddy and perfect. The eagles are powerful birds, of such weight that a small wooden support is carried by the eagle bearer. A well grown bird of more than usually fierce temperament will occasionally kill a wolf. Directly any game is seen the birds make their flight and swoop down with great precision.

"One of these birds has to my knowledge," writes our correspondent, "killed seventeen foxes in six weeks. I can vouch for this killing of foxes by eagles, for I personally took photographs and saw the whole sport from beginning to end.

"Years ago I wrote a letter to the Field, telling how foxes swarm up small pine trees in Florida when a 'kill' appears imminent. I have frequently seen them do so, but I was politely told what an Ananias I must be."—London Sphere.

Insisted on the Contract.

Many of the best Patti stories are concerned with her early girlhood in the United States, when she was beginning to realize the great hold she had on the public with her voice. After a concert in which she took part in Ohio on one occasion a supper was given to the singers, at which many notabilities, including Judge Matthews, were present. Supper over, Judge Matthews pressed little Adelina to sing. Adelina, however, showed no inclination to oblige, so Matthews in desperation said, "Sing, and I'll do anything you like." "Anything?" asked Patti. "Anything," repeated the grave lawyer decisively. So the little girl sung "Home, Sweet Home." Hardly had she given the last note, however, than she said, "Now, Mr. Matthews, please stand on your head." "You're joking, child," gasped the judge. "A bargain's a bargain," murmured the future diva. "Well," said Matthews, "here goes." And up went his feet amid the frantic applause of the company.

Fishermen's Patron Saint.

St. Peter, of course, is the fisherman; but anglers may find a saint of their own in St. Zeno, who is commemorated on April 12. Verona's patron saint is conventionally represented holding a fishing rod, with a fish at the end of the line, the reference being to the tradition that he used to enjoy fishing in the Adige during his episcopate. He must have commanded good sport if he exercised as much control over that river in life as he is said to have done two centuries after his death. In 599 Italy was visited by terrific floods, and the Adige threatened to swamp much of Verona. But the faithful gathered in St. Zeno's church by the river, and, though the water rose to the windows outside, none of it could pass the doors, and after twenty-four hours of prayer it subsided. This rests on the authority of Gregory the Great.—London Chronicle.

QUALITIES OF SAGE.

Savory and Salutary All the Year Round and Liked by All.

Nearly all our vegetables and herbs appear originally to have passed through some preliminary stage in the laboratory of the medical herbalist before being admitted to the full honors of the kitchen. The fact is not so strange as it might at first sight appear, and its results have certainly been to the general advantage of mankind, for, though for the most part the old herbalist's prescriptions were of a kind neither to kill nor cure, his investigations of the specific qualities of plants were often useful. The ancients seem to have regarded sage as an herb of first importance to the physician, and the many traditions concerning it refer almost entirely to this aspect of the plant. "Why should a man die who has sage in his garden?" was one of the maxims of the famous school of health at Salerno. The belief in its virtues survived through the middle ages and was handed down with unimpaired vitality to quite modern times. The writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were full of its praises, and there was hardly an ailment of mind or body for which sage was not pronounced a cure or an alleviation. Thence sprung the idea that as it was thus generally wholesome and recommended by the family the housewife might prudently admit a dried winter supply to her storeroom. And so this "sovereign herb" gradually found its way into the kitchen, of which it has ever since remained an indispensable adjunct, not that it at once lost all its medical attributes. "He that would live for aye must eat sage in May" runs the proverb. But the cooks soon began to take broader views. They pronounced sage to be equally savory and salutary all the year around and of special and peculiar value at the season of Michaelmas.

But this is advancing matters. Even the best of things eatable have had to overcome prejudice and slowly make their way, and in the case of mere condiments some help from the uncompromising hand of fashion has generally been necessary. The father of Sir Thomas Overbury, known as sage-less Sir Thomas, was so common a domestic medicine to our forefathers that they could not at once accept the herb in the character of a savory adjunct. But we live and learn, and the merits of sage as a medicine of certain rich viands being to be acknowledged, it seemed to have a kind of natural affinity with roast pork, goose and duck and presently became the constant attendant of these dishes. Early in the eighteenth century an acknowledged authority laid it down that "as to geese and ducks, cooks should stuff them with some sage shred fine and a little pepper and salt and the same with a suckling pig."—London Globe.

Our Golden "Cold Waves."

We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer rumbling 30 degrees in almost as many minutes we have a constant, a never diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic; but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen alert mind, the incessant, unremitting energy of our American race.—Century.

Nausea and Egg Skin.

In cases of violent nausea when all other remedies have failed the skin of a perfectly fresh egg is an almost immediate relief. If the first skin does not have the desired effect two more will cause a cessation without fail. This has been tried successfully in cases of cholera under the eye of a physician who acknowledged he had tried every known remedy in the pharmacopoeia. The egg skin is said to form a new coating temporarily for the stomach. The skin of an egg is the part that clings tightly to the inside of the shell. It can be given with milk or water and should be rolled up into as small a dose as possible.

London Playhouses.

In the London playhouses there is an air of comfort and quiet luxury not always evident in our own theaters. The auditoriums are usually very small, but the seats and aisles are spacious, and the furnishings and decorations suggest a drawing room rather than a place of public amusement. The atmosphere is further accentuated by the evening clothes of the men, which are compulsory.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Forethought.

An English contemporary tells a story of an unusual exhibition of forethought by an Irishman. At a certain lecture there was a little disturbance, and the lecturer's head was broken. "It isn't much," he said, "it would be all right if we only had a bit of sticking plaster."

"Here's a bit, sir," said a muscular spectator. "I always puts some in my pocket agin the Sathurday night."

The Conscience Fund.

It is a noticeable fact that all contributions to the "conscience fund" are made anonymously. Can it be that the man with a conscience is always ashamed of it?—Boston Transcript.

—Hatred is an active displeasure, envy a passive. It ought therefore not to surprise us that envy turns so soon to hatred.—Goethe.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W F SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good reliable companies

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE RESOURCEFUL MOLE.

He Gets Away With Ease When You Think You Have Him.

"Speaking of quick and resourceful animals, the mole ranks easily so far as my experience goes," said a man from the country, "and I dare say there are many men who have made observations that will confirm my contention. As you probably know, the mole plows in the surface of the earth, generally making a small ridge anywhere from two to three inches high. He moves with remarkable rapidity even when the ground in which he is burrowing is hard. When operating in soft ground he moves along at a surprising gait. But this is not the point I wanted to make. I was thinking of the remarkably good hearing of the mole and the ease with which he can get away just at the moment when you think you have him cornered. Of course now and then you can drive a spike through the mole before he is aware of it. If you do you will have to walk as light as a cat and will have to act as quickly as the same animal when the thing comes to act. In nine cases out of ten the mole will hear the first football. At once he will quit plowing. He is gone. Search as you may, you cannot find him. I have seen men dig for fifty yards, following the ridge and its offshoots, without finding any other trace of the mole than the ridge. The mole's hearing is peculiarly keen, and I suppose this is so because he cannot see. But even more wonderful from my standpoint is the ease and quickness with which he gets away. How does he manage it? Where does he go? You know, the element of superstition in my make up is slim, and I don't believe in ghosts, but somehow I have always inclined just a bit to the ghost theory when thinking of the mysterious antics of these blind burrowers. The mole is more like a ghost in his conduct than anything I have ever known, though, of course, the mole is a real and not an imaginary and mythical thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A MEMORY OF LEE.

He Had Much Dignity of Bearing and Beauty of Face.

Soon after the Confederates began to enter the town Elizabethtown I met a friend of mine, the son of Dr. Doyle, who told me that his father had just been sent for to see Lee and that I might go to it if I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and we found the doctor just starting. Dr. Doyle was a man who had been in communication with the enemy from the beginning of the war, but had so far managed to escape the fate of many intelligent men. Two of his sons had been arrested a short time before and were dying in jail when their friends arrived and set them free.

The doctor was in his old gig and, being an immense man, left no room for any one else in it, so we two boys sat on the springs behind. It was on the Williamsport pike, about half a mile from the town, that we met General Lee. He had dismounted and was standing by his horse, a small sorrel mare, which, I was told, it was his custom to ride on the march. His staff was brilliant in gold lace, but he was very simply dressed. No one could have seen that man without being greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing and the beauty of his face. His hair at this time was almost entirely white, and those who had seen him the year before said he had aged greatly in the short space of time which had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. I could not help thinking of Washington as I looked at that calm, sad face. It has been said since by those who were near him that he had no expectation of conquering the north and that at the most he only hoped to win a great battle on northern soil in order to affect public opinion in Europe and lead to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. However that may be, there was nothing about his bearing which looked like a great hope. —Rev. Dr. Leighton Park in Century.

"There'll Be No Pie."

An energetic pastor who was making preparations to build a new church received all kinds of advice from parishioners, and the greatest amount came from those who had contributed the least toward the erection of the church. So at the regular services on the following Sunday he said:

"I have been receiving lots of advice during the last few weeks. I have been told by certain members of the congregation that it will not do to have too many fingers in the pie. I can assure you that I will attend to that part of it. There will be no pie."—Harper's Weekly.

The Way of It.

"Who is that sprightly girl over there?"

"That's Miss Jones, who took part in the amateur theatricals last night."

"And who are those nineteen tired looking women near her?"

"Those are her mother, sisters, aunts and cousins who helped her to get ready."

Impatient.

The Single Aunt—You should be most assiduous to keep yourself unspotted from the world, Cornelia. You are solicitous, are you not, to enter heaven after you cross the river? The Bud—Yes. But, auntie, I'm not averse to a little heaven on this side.—Puck.

Holman Hunt's Paintings.

Mr. Holman Hunt spent seven years on his great painting "The Triumph of the Innocents," and then was not at all satisfied with it, while "The Shadow of Death" took him three years.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

The Bright Side.

"I should think you'd feel awfully sad over your quarrel with Mrs. Scaddsworth after all these years."

"Yes, I do. Still there's one pleasant thing about it. Her children are growing up and will soon begin to get married. Of course, after what has happened, I'll not have to give them any wedding presents."—Chicago Tribune.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1905.

JOHN YERDON, Account with Keating Township School Funds for the year ending June 1, 1905.

Dr.		
To received State Appropriations	$ 2802 00	
To received from County Treasurer	2871 35	
To received from ex-Collector Burdick	287 82	
To received from Collector Bray	4060 07	
To received from ex-Treasurer McGowan	1043 87	
To received loan from G. C. Oviatt	500 00	
To received loan from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.	1000 00	
To received tuition from Bradford Township	259 24	
To received tuition from Lafayette Township	148.68	
To received tuition from Otto Township	111 18	
To received from all other sources	17.03	$12611 05
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	6870.40	
By paid attending institute	216 00	
By paid school supplies	612 27	
By paid school supplies other than text books	449 23	
By paid building and furnishing	293 00	
By paid rent and repairs	275 47	
By paid relief and interest	2153 34	
By paid secretary's salary	250 00	
By paid fuel and contingencies	515 07	
By paid on account scarlet fever quarantine 1903	24 00	
By paid directors for attending election as supt.	5 05	
By paid attendance officers' services	20 00	
By paid School Journal	7 00	
By paid tuition Smethport Borough	48 00	
By paid publishing auditors' report	33 75	
By paid auditors	30 00	
By paid conveyance of children to school	47.40	
By paid commission on $12,152.93 @ 2	243 06	
Amount due Twp. School Fund	215.36	12611 35

JAMES BRAY in account with Keating Township School District as Collector for the year ending June 1, 1905.

Dr.		
To amount of school duplicate 1905	$5134 70	
To balance due last auditors' report duplicate 1903	104 10	5238 80
Cr.		
By amount paid Treasurer Yerdon 1905 & 1904 duplicate	4060 92	
By exonerations, 1903 $30.22, 1904 $187.98	218 20	
By taxes returned to county commissioners	59 92	
By 5% allowed taxpayers' commission $2,110.48	105 84	
By 2% commission on $2,110.48	42 20	
By 2% commission on $1,053.14	21 07	
Balance due Township	1270 50	5238 80

LIABILITIES.

To amount outstanding orders	3947 46	3947 46

RESOURCES.

By amount due from Collector Bray	1270 50	
By amount in hands of Treasurer Yerdon	215 36	
By amount due from Co. Treasurer, subject to commission and exonerations	1579 36	
By estimated amt. due from other townships, tuition	900 00	
Liabilities over resources to balance	888 36	5947 46

We, the auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Collector Bray and Treasurer Yerdon, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals, this 10th day of June, A. D. 1905.

ANDREW B. WASHBURN [SEAL]
FRANK L. BRIGGHAM [SEAL]
JOHN D. ABBEY [SEAL]
Auditors.

Ike's News

Straw Hats are in 25c to $5.00.

Summer Underwear for thin purses 76 varieties

Suits, gorgeous, gray, grand, genteel, for every sort of man—for every sort of occasion. Prices square.

Boys' Suits. Bargain prices—left overs from last season. About half. Ask for them.

IKE SIMONS,
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS May 29, 1905.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 18292 40
Checks and other cash items		89 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		109718 16
Commercial and other paper purchased		230606 75
Time Loans upon Collateral		356495 42
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		131413 81
Investment securities owned, viz: Stock, Bonds, etc.	6698 39	
Mortgages	7438 17	72781 56
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17442 96
Overdrafts		1143.05
		$957133 04

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		20589 37
Deposits, subject to check	$318776 76	
Deposits, special	352768 91	666563 67
		$957133 04

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of McKean }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of June, 1905.

(Signed) HALLIE A. WALKER, Notary Public.
[Notarial Seal]
My commission expires January 10, 1907.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN
OBLO J. HAMLIN
JOHN FORREST
Directors.

Opportunities in California

The trade in the Orient is opening up.

Our exports to Japan and China multiplied during the last year.

There will soon be a tremendous increase in the trade of the Pacific Coast cities with the Far East.

Big opportunities for the man who lives there. Why not look the field over?

Only $62.50, Chicago to San Francisco or Los Angeles and return, May 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 29, 30, 31, June 1, August 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, 1905. Tickets good for return for 90 days.

Rate for a double berth in a comfortable tourist sleeper from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and many other points in California, only $7. Through train service from Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Line

This is the route of The Overland Limited, leaving Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6.05 p. m., and The California Express at 10.25 p. m. The California Express carries tourist sleeping cars to California every day. Both trains carry through standard sleepers.

Complete information sent free on receipt of coupon with blank lines filled.

W. S. HOWELL,
Gen'l Eastern Agent, 381 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY,
or
F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO.

Name_____
Street address_____
City_____ State_____
Probable destination_____
CALIFORNIA

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county —Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

OILS FOR SALE

AT PALMER'S LIVERY.

I carry in stock the following oils and sell at bottom prices:

Harvester Oil.
Boston Coach Oil.
Cleveland Castor Coach Oil.
New York Carriage Grease.
Mica Axle Grease.
4 Brothers Axle Grease.
Extra Neatsfoot Harness Oil.
Diamond Black Harness Oil.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport May 25, 1905.

AGENTS Anybody Can Do It AGENTS

We want good live representatives to take orders for "Penro or Pearl" Medallions. Entirely new. Sell at sight. Big money. Exclusive territory given. Agent's supplies. Novelties up-to-date. Write at once. Universal Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

Spring Offerings in Shoes

Our stock of Spring Footwear for ladies, men and children is complete and an inspection of our line will convince that we can satisfy. We keep on hand a large stock of the best makes to select from and we guarantee to please. Everything new and up-to-date in

OXFORDS.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

FOR SALE.

4 horses; 20 cows; 1 lumber wagon; 2 four wheel harrows, $10 each; 1 steam threshing machine; 1 three horse tread with wood saw; 1 milk separator; 1 60 gallon churn; 1 Babcock milk tester.

For particulars inquire at A. E. Heckett's farm, P. O. Smethport.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

F. S. FLOUR now $1.70 in 1-4 bbl. paper sacks.

Quaker 2-pound Rolled Oats have the call, 10c package.

Warm Weather Eatables

Corn Beef, Roast Beef, Veal Loaf, Ham Loaf, Dried Beef, Pitted Cherries, Salmon, Pickled Herring, Cove Oysters, Sardines, Olives, Sweet, Sour or Dill Pickles, Pickled Walnuts, Baked Beans.

Several other articles too numerous to mention which can be served cold, and not heat up the house. Prompt delivery and small orders will receive the same attention as larger ones. Your further favors requested.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Professional Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Barton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly

BYRON D. HAMLIN, JOHN FORREST
HAMLIN & FORREST
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War, claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 401.

Physicians

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bennighoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D. C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
The house has recently been repaired and refurnished. The table and bar is constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa.,
Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists